

THE LIVING AGE.

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ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT
OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

WHEN first I saw our banner wave
Above our nation's council hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clanking fetters of the slave!

In the foul market-place I stood,
And saw the Christian mother sold,
And childhood with its locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
And smothering down the wrath and shame
That set my Northern blood aflame,
Stood silent—where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell
Where wasted one in slow decline
For uttering simple words of mine,
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
Flapped menace in the morning air;
I stood a perilled stranger, where
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue: Gown and Sword
And Law their threefold sanction gave,
And to the quarry of the slave
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—
Somehow, sometime, the end would be;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And at the nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
But heralded by roll of drums
On waves of battle-troubled air!—

'Midst sounds that madden and appal,
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew!—
The harp of David melting through
The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped;—but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays, with wiser hand than man's,
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with him: the voice
That freedom's blessed gospel tells
Is sweet to me as silver bells,
Rejoicing!—yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends, still toiling in the sun,—
Ye dearer ones, who, gone before,
Are watching from the eternal shore
The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
Blossoms with love; the furnace heat
Grows cool beneath his blessed feet
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief
Rise day by day in strong relief
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and one with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE SICK MAN IN THE MONEY MARKET.

CALL the Turk, if you like it, the sickest of men
And boast Frank than Mussulman wiser;
But I'd give *him* more rope than I would to the
Pope,

To the Czar, or his neighbor, the Kaiser.
Any one of the three I should just like to see,
On our Stock-Exchange coolly descending—
Soldier, Priest, or Civilian—to ask for four mil-
lion,
And find thirty ready for lending!

Though Christians can't bear him, his eunuchs
and harem,
And the muftis and moollahs, his masters,
Though financiers blame his wild issuing of
caimés,

(Which is Turkish, we're told, for "shin-
plasters"),
Though for pay his troops clamor, though
brought to the hammer,
Are the late Sultan's wives and their jewels,
Let him just draw his bill, and Britannia still,
Will find cash for't, in spite of renewals.

Yes, he looks very sick . . . is at near his last
kick—

When suddenly—*Dictu mirabile!*—
"Ha! ha! cured in an instant!" . . . he's
set on his legs

By Britannia's "*aurum potabile.*"
That myst'ry so sought by the sages who
wrought

For Alchemy's mighty Arcanum—
The Elixir of Life!—of full hands here's a
strife,

Proff'ring draughts—for the sick man to
drain 'em!

—*Punch.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

Memoirs of Richard the Third and some of his Contemporaries. With an Historical Drama on the Battle of Bosworth. By John Heneage Jesse. London: 1861.

It was the shrewd remark of Johnson, that when the world think long about a matter, they generally think right; and this may be one reason why attempts to whitewash the received villains or tyrants of history have been commonly attended with indifferent success. The ugly features of Robespierre's character look positively more repulsive through the varnish of sophistry which M. Louis Blanc has spread over them. The new light thrown by Mr. Carlyle on the domestic and political career of Frederic William of Prussia, the collector of giants, simply exhibits him as the closest approximation to a downright brute and madman that was ever long tolerated as the ruler of a civilized community. Despite of Mr. Froude's indefatigable research, skilful arrangement of materials, and attractive style, Henry the Eighth is still the royal Bluebeard, who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust; and hardly any perceptible change has been effected in the popular impression of Richard the Third, although since 1621 (the date of Buck's History), it has continued an open question whether he was really guilty of more than a small fraction of the crimes imputed to him.

Walpole's "Historic Doubts" is amongst the best of his writings. If he was advocating a paradox, he believed it to be a truth; and in the subsequent encounter with Hume, he has the advantage which thorough acquaintance with the subject must almost always give over the ablest antagonist, whose original views were based upon superficial knowledge. Yet no part of this remarkable essay is freshly remembered, except an incidental reference (on which the ingenious author laid little stress) to the apocryphal testimony of the Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard in her youth, and declared him to be the handsomest man at court except his brother Edward, confessedly the handsomest man of his day. Mr. Sharon Turner's learned and conscientious recapitulation of the good measures, enlightened views, and kindly actions of Richard has proved equally inoperative to stem the cur-

rent of obloquy.* Why is this? Why do we thus cling to a judgment which, we are assured, has been ill-considered, to the extent of uniformly opposing a deaf ear to motions for a new trial? Is it because the numerical majority of the English public are in the same predicament as the great Duke of Marlborough, who boldly avowed Shakspeare to be the only History of England he ever read? because the ground once occupied by creative genius is thenceforth unapproachable by realities and unassailable by proofs? The image of the dramatic Richard, as represented by a succession of great actors, is vividly called up whenever the name is mentioned—

"And when he would have said King Richard
died,
And called a horse, a horse, he Burbage
cried;"

and this is unluckily one of the rare instances in which, if it be not profanation to say so, the truth and modesty of nature have been overstepped by our immortal bard to produce a character of calculated and unmitigated atrocity. In the very first scene, the hero, after expatiating on his deformities, concludes—

"And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determinèd to prove a villain."

Moralists have laid down that dwarfs and misshapen persons are commonly out of humor with the world, but it may be doubted whether any one in actual life ever indulged in this sort of self-communing at the outset of a career. The far truer picture of a man hurried from crime to crime by ambition is Macbeth; and the most virulent assailants of Richard's memory are agreed in allowing him the kind of merit which Fielding gives to Jonathan Wild, who, finding, after due deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from a good action, did one. By presupposing the worst, such a commencement checks artistic development whilst it violates the truth of history; and not the least interesting or instructive result, anticipated from an impartial examination of the authorities, will be the insight we shall attain by means of them into the heaven-born

* See the "History of England during the Middle Ages," vol. iv. book v. chapter i. All the best materials and weightiest authorities for the defence of Richard are collected in this chapter.

poet's mode of selecting and working up the materials of his play.

Mr. Jesse frankly owns that his work has been composed without any definite object, moral, critical, antiquarian, or philosophical. It "emanated indirectly in the drama," entitled "The Last War of the Roses," which occupies more than a fourth of the volume, and strikes us to be an attempt, more ambitious than successful, to rival the greatest of dramatists on his own ground. "To the merit of novelty," says the author in his preface, "whether of facts or arguments, he can prefer but a very trifling claim. To compress scattered and curious information, and, if possible, to amuse, have been the primary objects of the author." The result is a very agreeable addition to popular literature, containing a good deal that will be new as well as interesting to the class of readers for whose amusement he is in the habit of catering. But if the life of Richard was to be rewritten at all, the task should have been undertaken in a more serious and meditative mood, with a full sense of its responsibilities, and a keener insight into the complex causes of the strange notions of right and wrong, legality and illegality, which marked the period in dispute.

During the whole of the Plantagenet dynasty, the succession to the crown was involved in the most mischievous uncertainty. Except in the case of an adult eldest son, inheriting from the father, there was no rule of descent universally recognized. Whether more remote lineals should be preferred to collaterals, or whether claims by or through females were admissible at all, were questions frequently and most furiously agitated; nor was any title deemed absolutely unimpeachable until ratified by the popular voice or, what was equally more potent, by the assent of the landed aristocracy. It is not going too far to say that any member of the royal family, or even any peer related to it by blood, had a chance of the throne: hence the plentiful crop of conspiracies constantly springing up: hence, also, the eagerness of the sovereign, *de facto*, to get rid, by any means, foul or fair, of every possible competitor. To bear no brother near the throne was not, in the fifteenth century, peculiar to the Turk; and servile parliaments were never wanting to pronounce or ratify the cruel sentences of fear, expediency, or hate. The

wholesale beheading, hanging, and quartering, that took place after each alternation of fortune during the Yorkist and Lancastrian battles, were only exceeded in atrocity by the vindictive and insulting butcheries of prisoners perpetrated on the field. It has been computed that not fewer than eighty princes of the blood died deaths of violence during these wars; and the ancient nobility would have been wellnigh extinguished altogether, had the struggle been prolonged. Edward IV.'s first Parliament included in one Act of Attainder, Henry VI., Queen Margaret, their son Edward, the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, the Earls of Northumberland, Devon, Wiltshire, and Pembroke, Viscount Beaumont, Lords Ross, Neville, Rougemont, Dacre, and Hungerfield, with one hundred and thirty-eight knights, priests, and esquires, who were one and all adjudged to suffer all the penalties of treason. The prevalent doctrine of these times as to religious and moral obligations is comprised in these lines:—

"York. I took an oath he should quietly reign.

"Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

"Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate

That hath authority over him that swears.

Henry had none, but did usurp the place."

Subjects had no more respect for oaths than princes; and what we now understand by loyalty was almost unknown. We are indebted to Lord Macaulay's penetration and sagacity for the discovery that the Scottish clans, which so long upheld the cause of the Stuarts, were animated far more by local sympathies and antipathies, especially by hatred of the Campbells, than by chivalrous devotion to a fallen dynasty. The Yorkists and Lancastrians were influenced by an analogous class of motives, or by purely selfish views. Most of the greater barons chose their side from hopes of personal aggrandizement, or from private pique. The most notorious example was Warwick, the King-maker, who feasted daily thirty thousand persons in his castle halls, who could rally thirty thousand men under his banner, and carry them, like a troop of household servants, from camp to camp, as passion, interest, or caprice dictated. It is a remarkable

fact that, in 1469, each of the rival kings was under durance at once,—Edward IV. at Middleham, and Henry IV. in the Tower, whilst the Nevilles were wavering between the two.* It has been taken for granted that the people, as contradistinguished from the barons, were Yorkists, who were undoubtedly popular in the city of London, where Edward IV. won all hearts by his courtesy and hospitality. Neither in city nor country, however, do we find any national or public-spirited preference for either dynasty. When the commoners rose, they rose from a sense of personal oppression, or, like the followers of Robin of Redesdale, in order to redress some local grievance.

There is not a more striking illustration of the gross ignorance and superstition of the age than the general belief that the mists which disordered the tactics of Warwick's army at Barnet were raised for the purpose by Friar Bungay. It was, in fact, the age of all others in which unscrupulous ambition might hope to thrive; in which everything was possible for courage, military skill, statecraft, and dogged determination, backed by birth and fortune. If Richard has attained a bad pre-eminence for treachery and blood-thirstiness, it must be owned that he succumbed to temptations from which few of his family or generation would have turned away.

Although Shakspeare assigns him a prominent part in the battle of Wakefield, where his father, the Duke of York, was taken and put to death after exclaiming,—

"Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, Courage, father, fight it out ;"

Richard (born Oct. 2, 1452) was only in his ninth year when the battle was fought, and he narrowly escaped the fate of Rutland. The Duchess of York took refuge with her younger children in the Low Countries, and remained there, till the triumphant entry of Edward the Fourth into London and the decisive victory of Towton restored them to their country and to more than the full immunities of their rank. The title of Duke of Gloucester, with an ample appanage in the shape of lordships and manors, was at once conferred on Richard, who, at an unusually early age, was also appointed to three or four offices of the highest trust and dignity. He amply justified the confidence re-

* Lingard, vol. iv. p. 168.

posed in him. He had the same motive as the weak, wavering Clarence for joining Warwick, when the King-maker broke with Edward and sent the haughty message :—

"Tell him from me that he has done me wrong,
And for it I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

What the precise wrong was, is still a mystery. The repudiation of the contract with the Lady Bona, sister of Louis of France, is doubted by Hume, and rejected by Lingard, as the cause of quarrel; whilst the author of "The Last of the Barons" gives plausible reasons for the conjecture on which the plot of that romance mainly turns—that Warwick took just offence at an insult offered by the amorous monarch to one of his daughters. The hand of the eldest, the Lady Isabella, was the bait with which the King-maker lured Clarence; and Richard had been from early youth attached to the youngest (whom Shakspeare calls the eldest) Lady Anne; a circumstance which may partly account for his rapid success in the famous courtship scene; the forced and overcharged character of which is so glossed over and concealed by the consummate art of the execution, that we are puzzled in what sense to receive the exulting exclamation :—

"Was ever woman in such humor wooed?
Was ever woman in such humor won?"

Shakspeare makes Richard remain true to Edward from calculation; his chances of the crown being materially increased by the defection of Clarence. But a man may not be the less honest, because honesty is his best policy; and it is enough that in every emergency he gave Edward the wisest and apparently most disinterested counsel, as well as the support of his tried courage and military skill. He commanded the right wing of the Yorkist army at Barnet, and was directly opposed to Warwick, the most renowned warrior of the period. Personal prowess was then essential in a leader, and Gloucester and Warwick are reported to have fought hand to hand in the *mêlée*. According to the tradition, the King-maker evaded the conflict as long as he could, and then felled Richard unwounded to the ground. At Tewkesbury he commanded the van, and was confronted with the Duke of Somerset, who had taken up so formidable a position, fenced by dykes and hedges, that to carry it seemed hopeless. After a feigned attack

and a short conflict, Gloucester drew back as if for a retreat. Somerset, rash and impetuous, was deceived by this manœuvre, and left his vantage ground, when Gloucester faced about and fell upon the Lancastrians so furiously and unexpectedly that they were driven back in confusion to their entrenchments, which the pursuing force entered along with them. Lord Wenlock, who, by coming to their assistance with his division, might have beaten back Gloucester, never stirred; and Somerset no sooner regained his camp than riding up to his recreant friend, he denounced him as a traitor and coward, and stopped recrimination and remonstrance by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe.

The chief glory of this well-fought field belonged to Richard; but unluckily it was the scene of a tragedy in which the part of first villain has been popularly assigned to him. We are required to believe that directly after leading his troops to victory, his instinctive bloodthirstiness induced him to take the lead in a cowardly assassination in which others were only too anxious to anticipate him. The common story runs that after the battle of Tewkesbury, Margaret and her son, aged eighteen, were brought before Edward, who asked the prince in an insulting manner how he dared to invade his dominions, and irritated by a spirited reply, struck him on the face with his gauntlet; whereupon the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir Thomas Grey, taking the blow as a signal, hurried the prince into the next room, and there despatched him with their daggers. A contemporary historian, Fabyan, says that the King "strake him with the gauntlet upon the face, after which stroke, so by him received, he was by the kynges servants incontinently slaine." The Chronicle of Croyland, of nearly the same date, says, "that he was slain by the avenging hands of several (*ultribus quorundam manibus*). The names of the alleged perpetrators were first given by Hall, and afterwards copied from him by Holingshed. Stowe adopts Fabyan's version, which is much the most probable; and the king's brutality is not utterly destitute of palliation, when it is remembered how his brother, the Earl of Rutland, had been put to death after the battle of Wakefield. Mr. Sharon Turner, relying on what he deems

an authentic MS. in the Harleian Collection, says that "the Prince was taken as flying towards the town, and was slain in the field." Bernard Andreas, writing in 1509, says "*belligerens ceciderat*."

That Richard stabbed Henry VI. with his own hand in the Tower, will appear still more improbable; especially when we consider that during the whole of Edward IV.'s reign he was playing for popularity, and trying to base it on a character for sanctity and self-denial. According to Shakspeare, directly after stabbing the young prince, he hurries off to a fresh murder.

"*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother.

I'll hence to London, on a serious matter: Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

"*Clar.* What? what?

"*Glo.* The Tower! the Tower!"

Towards the conclusion of the scene, his absence and presumed errand are thus glanced at:—

"*King Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

"*Clar.* To London, all in post; and as I guess

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

"*King Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence."

This is taking the matter coolly enough, in all conscience; and to add to the absurdity, the Tower was not, at that time, familiarly associated with images of murder and misery, nor would it have been apostrophized as—

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

It was a royal palace, in which the queen of Edward IV. was residing at the time, whilst Henry VI., who had been placed in the front of the Yorkist army at Tewkesbury to give him a chance of being shot by a friendly arrow, was certainly not in the Tower on the eve of the battle. He is supposed to have died seventeen days afterwards, on the night of the 21st May, 1471, the day of King Edward's return to London. His death was attributed to grief, and the body was carried in solemn procession to St. Paul's, where it was exposed to public gaze, "the face open so that every man might see him." The face might have been so composed as to tell no tales; and the exposure of the body was the almost invariable practice in cases of

alleged or suspected death by violence. The bodies of Edward II., Richard II., Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, were similarly exposed. Few doubted that Henry was put to death: it being quite in accordance with custom and the spirit of the times for the king, *de facto*, to deal summarily with his rival. The shortness of the interval between the imprisonment and the death of princes is proverbial. The strange, if not absolutely incredible incident of so common a catastrophe, was that a prince of the blood should be named to do the deed, or volunteer to do it as a labor of love. No circumstance that can heighten the atrocity is omitted in the scene where Gloucester, having already killed Henry, stabs him again, exclaiming:—

"If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down, to hell; and say I sent thee
there."

The motive which seems wanting in the preceding instances was undeniably strong enough to raise a presumption that Richard contrived or hastened the death of Clarence, who had once stood in the way of his love, and still stood in the way of his interest and his ambition. When all other means failed to keep Richard from the Lady Anne, Clarence, who had married the eldest daughter of the King-maker, and wished to appropriate the entire inheritance, caused his sister-in-law to be concealed; and she was eventually found by Richard in an obscure corner of London, in the garb of a kitchen-maid. Whether this disguise was voluntarily assumed to escape from an unwelcome suitor, must be left to conjecture. She accepted his protection without scruple, and was placed by him in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, from whence she was transferred to the guardianship of her uncle, the Archbishop of York. That she was wooed and won during her attendance on the corpse of her father-in-law, is a poetic fiction: an *alibi* might easily be made out for both parties; and it is further remarkable that no objection was made to their union on the ground of Richard's alleged participation in the murder of her first husband, nor was she ever, during her lifetime, accused of insensibility or indelicacy on that account. The date of the marriage is unknown; but as she bore him a child in 1473, it is inferred

that it took place as soon as her year of mourning had expired.

Clarence vowed that if his brother would have a bride, she should be a portionless one. "He may well have my lady sister-in-law, but we will part no inheritance," are the words attributed to him in the Paston Letters; and Sir John Paston writes: "As for other tidings, I trust to God that the two Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester shall be set at one by the award of the King." It was arranged that each should plead his own cause in person before the King in council; and (according to a contemporary) they both exhibited so much acuteness, and found arguments in such abundance, that the whole audience, including the lawyers, were lost in admiration and surprise. The decision, carried out by an Act of Parliament, was, that the property should be equally divided between the two sisters, the husbands retaining life interests in their wives' estates respectively. This settlement, equitable and impartial as it looks, was based on a gross injustice, for it overlooked the prior claim of the King-maker's widow, who, as heiress of the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, had brought him the largest of his estates, and by this award was left dependent, if not penniless.

Richard was not the man to forgive or forget Clarence's unbrotherly conduct, although his ambition soared too high to be coupled with cupidity. His superiority to all sordid considerations was strikingly displayed during the invasion of France, in 1475, when Edward, at the head of one of the finest armies that ever left the English coast, was cajoled and out-manœuvred by Louis XI. into doing worse than nothing. The expedition ended in a disgraceful treaty, by which Edward was to receive certain sums of money, which he wanted for his personal pleasures. Bribes were plentifully distributed among the nobles and courtiers who were thought able to facilitate this result. Lord Howard received 20,000 crowns, in money and plate, besides a pension. The Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls pocketed large sums. What is most extraordinary, they gave written acknowledgments, which were regularly docketed by their royal paymaster. The apologists for Bacon, who maintain that the custom of receiving presents by judges and privy-councillors endured to his day, may

point to these receipts in support of their theory; others may point to them as proofs of all-pervading corruption or unblushing audacity. The less charitable supposition is favored by what De Commynes has recorded of Hastings, who, more prudent than his colleagues, declined the transaction in the proposed shape, saying: "If you wish me to take the money, you must put it into my sleeve."

Richard alone refused to barter English honor for French gold. "Only the Duke of Gloucester, who stood aloof on the other side for honor, frowned at this accord, and expressed much sorrow, as compassionating the glory of his nation blemished in it." Habington, from whom we quote, suggests that the duke had a further and more dangerous aim, "as who, by the dishonor of his brothers, thought his credit received increase; and by how much the King sunk in opinion, he should rise." Bacon adopts the same method of depreciation: "And that out of this deep root of ambition, it sprang that, as well at the treaty of peace as upon all other occasions, Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, stood ever upon the side of honor, raising his own reputation to the disadvantage of the King, his brother, and drawing the eyes of all (especially of the nobles and soldiers) upon himself." According to this mode of reasoning, brotherly love and loyalty required him to be as corrupt and self-seeking as the rest. Yet surely, if he was content to rise by patriotism and integrity, it is enough. If he assumed virtues that he had not, this, at all events, refutes the notion that he wantonly and gratuitously perpetrated acts which must have exposed him to general execration and distrust; and we have here, from his worst calumniators, the admitted fact that down to 1475 his means were noble, be his end and motives what they may.

With regard to his alleged participation in the death of Clarence, the charge rests exclusively on a vague presumption of his having hardened the heart of Edward, already sufficiently incensed against Clarence, and ready at all times to trample down all ties of relationship and all feelings of mercy when his throne was in danger or his vindictiveness was roused. Clarence had joined Warwick in impeaching his title and denying his legitimacy. Untaught by experience,

he had recently indulged in intemperate language against his sovereign, who actually appeared in person as the principal accuser at the trial, which was of the most solemn description known to the law. The duke was found guilty by his peers, and both Houses of Parliament petitioned for his execution, and afterwards passed a bill of attainder. He was peculiarly obnoxious to the Queen and her friends, Rivers, Hastings, and the Greys.

"The only favor," says Hume, "which the King granted his brother after his condemnation, was to leave him the choice of his death; and he was privately drowned in a butt of malmsey in the Tower; a whimsical choice, which implies that he had an extraordinary passion for that liquor." Mr. Bayley ("History of the Tower") suggests that his well-known fondness for this wine was the foundation of the story, although, so far as evidence goes, the fondness for the wine is mere matter of conjecture; and we rather agree with Walpole, that "whoever can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard helped him into it, and kept him down till he was suffocated." Yet this is precisely what some do believe, or maintain. "After Clarence," writes Sandford, "had offered his mass-penny in the Tower of London, he was drowned in a butt of malmsey; his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, assisting thereat with his own proper hands." The most plausible solution of the enigma is suggested by Shakspeare, when he makes the First Murderer tell the Second: "Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey butt in the next room." The dialogue on Clarence's awakening is,—

"Clar. Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

"1st Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon."

After a brief parley, the First Murderer stabs him, exclaiming:—

"Take that, and that; if all this will not do, I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within."

He carries out the body, and returns to tell his relenting comrades,—

"Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole, Till that the duke give order for his burial."

Clarence's groans may have been stifled in

a full butt conveniently nigh, or the body may have been temporarily hidden in an empty one.

Richard was for several years Lord Warden, or Keeper, of the Northern Marches, and while residing in a kind of vice-regal capacity at York, he so ingratiated himself with the people of the city and neighborhood, that they stood by him to the last. In 1482, he commanded the army which invaded Scotland, entered Edinburgh in triumph, and speedily brought the Scottish king to terms. On the death of his brother he was in the fulness of his fame as a soldier and statesman. He was also the first prince of the blood; and he must have been endowed with an amount of stoical indifference and self-denial seldom found in high places at any time, if no ambitious hopes dawned upon him. Edward IV. died on the 9th April, 1483, leaving two sons, Edward V., twelve years and five months old, and Richard Duke of York, between ten and eleven, besides several daughters. The court and country were divided between two parties, that of the Queen and her kinsmen, and that of the ancient nobility, who had taken offence at the honors lavished on her upstart connections. The malcontents, headed by the Duke of Buckingham and favored by Lord Hastings, naturally dreaded the aggrandizement of their adversaries, and were prepared to go any lengths to prevent them from getting exclusive possession of the King's person, and governing in his name. The Queen and her brothers, on the other hand, resolved to make the best of the situation, and took immediate measures for overawing the threatened resistance to their schemes. The young King was at Ludlow Castle, under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, Anthony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, renowned for his gallantry and accomplishments. He had a large military force under his command, and it was proposed that he should escort the King to London, at the head of all the men he could muster. This was vehemently opposed by Hastings, a member of the council at which the plan was broached, and his opposition so far prevailed, that the escort was nominally reduced to two thousand men. About the same time, Buckingham put himself into communication with Richard, who was quietly watching the progress of events at York, and abiding

the moment when his interposition would become, or he thought, indispensable for the salvation of the realm. A divided nobility, a minority, and a female regency afforded ample materials, in those unsettled times, for the aspirant to supreme power to work upon, without openly or prematurely assuming the part of the ungrateful brother and unnatural uncle. According to Sir Thomas More, he sent letters to Lord Rivers, with full assurances of duty and subjection to his nephew, and love and friendship to himself; "so that he, seeing all things calm and peaceable, came up with no greater number of followers than was necessary to show the King's honor and greatness." At Northampton, the regal party were met by the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, by whose advice the King was sent on to Stony Stratford, for the sake of more convenient lodging, while Rivers was feasted by the two dukes "with all demonstrations of joy and signs of friendship."

As soon as he was gone, they entered into consultation with a select number of their friends, and spent the greater part of the night in conference. The result became known in the morning, when, after putting Rivers under arrest and laying an embargo on his suite, they hurried on to Stratford, and arrested Lord Richard Grey (the Queen's son by her first husband), Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Howse, on a charge of conspiracy, in the very presence of the King. Despite his tears and entreaties, they also removed from about his person all on whom they could not confidently reckon to act as their creatures. They then escorted him to London, and were met at Hornsey "by the Mayor and sheriffs, with all their brethren, the aldermen in scarlet, and five hundred commoners on horseback, in purple-colored gowns." "In this solemn cavalcade," continues Sir Thomas More, "the behavior of the Duke of Gloucester to the King was very remarkable; for he rode bareheaded before him, and often, with a loud voice, said to the people, *Behold your prince and sovereign*; giving them on all occasions such an example of reverence and duty, as might teach them how to honor and respect their prince; by which action he so won on all the spectators, that they looked on the late misrepresentations of him as the effect of his enemies' malice, and he

was on all hands accounted the best, as he was the first subject in the kingdom."

The Protectorship was easily attained. It was conferred on him "by a great council of the nobility, who met to settle the government and choose a Protector, according to the usual custom of the minority of their kings."* The next step was attended with difficulty. On hearing of the arrest of her brothers, the Queen, with her youngest son and daughters, had hurried into the sanctuary of Westminster; and her refusal to quit it, or trust her son out of her protection, was an impediment to the Protector's designs, as well as an injurious expression of distrust. He would have resorted to force, had not the Archbishop of Canterbury represented that it would be a thing not only ungrateful to the whole nation, but highly displeasing to Almighty God, to have the privilege of sanctuary broken in that church, which was first consecrated by St. Peter, "who came down, above five hundred years ago, in person, accompanied with many angels, by night, to do it;" in proof whereof the prelate affirmed that St. Peter's cope, worn on the occasion, was still to be seen in the abbey. What could be done by persuasion, the Archbishop readily engaged to try; and accompanied by several lords of the council, he forthwith proceeded to the sanctuary to argue the matter out with the Queen, who, influenced more by fear than argument, at length gave up the point. She led her son to the Archbishop and lords of council, and after solemnly confiding him to their care, she kissed him, and said, "Farewell, mine own sweet son. The Almighty be thy protector! Let me kiss thee once more before we part, for God knows when we shall kiss again." The child was first carried to the Bishop of London's palace, where his brother was lodged, and, after a few days, they were both removed to the Tower, the ostensible reason being that they might be ready for the ceremony of the coronation.

Buckingham had probably entered fully into Richard's ulterior designs upon the crown, from their formation. Hastings was not so compliant. He had been the inti-

mate, attached, and trusted friend of the late King, and his loyalty was proof against temptation. After he had been sounded through Catesby, his ruin and death were resolved upon; and gross as are the means described by Shakspeare in the council scene, where Richard exhibits his withered arm, they are little more than a metrical version of the text of More, who reports the Protector's words to have been: "Do you answer me with *ifs* and *ands*, as if I charged them falsely? I tell you they have done it, and thou hast joined with them in this villany." He struck the table hard with his fist; upon which armed men rushed in, and seized the Archbishop of York, Lord Stanley, and several other lords, besides Hastings, who was "ordered forthwith to prepare himself for his death, for the Protector had sworn by St. Paul that he would not dine till his head was off. It was in vain to complain of severity or demand justice—the Protector's oath must not be broken; so he was forc'd to take the next priest that came, and make a short confession, for the common form was too long for the Protector's stomach to wait on; and being immediately hurried to the green, by the chappell within the Tower, his head was laid on a timber-logg, which was provided for repairing the chappell, and there stricken off."

Walpole objects that the collateral circumstances introduced by More do but weaken his account, and take from its probability. He urges that, cruel or not, Richard was no fool, and was not likely to lay the withering of his arm (if it ever was withered) on witchcraft, or to couple the Queen and Jane Shore together as accomplices, the Queen's aversion for her late husband's concubine being notorious. The sudden arrest and death of Hastings, however, are undeniable; and on the very same day, Earl Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, Vaughan and Howse, were beheaded at Pontefract. These executions were consonant to the manners and violence of the times; of which Lingard furnishes a striking illustration by quoting the commission of the Lord High Constable, who is empowered to execute speedy justice, and distinctly enjoined to dispense with regular proofs and forms.

So inured were people to scenes of blood and the high-handed exertion of authority, that the citizens of London, by whom Hast-

* Sir Thomas More. Lingard states that the House of Lords then always took upon itself to settle the government in cases of doubt or difficulty, and his authorities bear out the statement.

ings had been much esteemed, were easily persuaded that the public weal required him to be summarily dealt upon—

*"Buck. Look you, my lord mayor :
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you :—the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster.*

*"May. Now fair befall you ! he deserved his
death,
And your good graces both have well proceeded
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never looked for better at his hands
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore."*

The received accounts of Richard's mode of ascending the throne are contradictory, and it is difficult to believe that he laid much stress on the voices of the rabble in Guildhall, although here again Shakspeare is supported by More. Under a regular government, with a standing army and a centralized system of administration, a usurper who has force on his side may dispense with national support. Not so in times when authority was divided, when the whole population was more or less military, when the possession of the capital with the command of the public offices left the rest of the kingdom uncontrolled. Richard must have been sure of a powerful party, or he would never have ventured to present himself as king before the very parliament which he had summoned in the name of the nephew he deposed. This important fact is made clear by Mr. Gairdner, who, admitting that this parliament was not formally called together, asserts that it did meet, and that the petition to Richard to assume the crown was presented by a deputation of the Lords and Commons of England, accompanied by another from the city of London, on the very day that had been originally appointed for its meeting.* If after so many changes of

* "Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII., edited by James Gairdner," published by the authority of the Lord Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman and Co. 1861. Vol. i. preface, p. xviii. Mr. Gairdner suggests in a note that there is reason to believe Sir T. More's "History of Richard III." to be a translation of a work of Cardinal Morton. This may account for its Lancastrian bias. Walpole says: "I take the truth to be that Sir Thomas wrote his 'Reign of Edward the Fifth' as he wrote his 'Utopia,' to amuse his leisure and exercise his fancy." The only strictly contemporary historians, or chroniclers, are Fabyan, a citizen of London, and the author of the "Chronicle of Croy-

dynasty, such frequent assertions and denials of title, any respect for hereditary right yet lingered in the public mind, it must have been rudely shaken by the imputed illegitimacy not only of the late King himself but of his children by his second wife. Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, volunteered a deposition that Edward, at the time of his marriage with Lady Grey, had a wife living, Eleanor, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; the Bishop himself having married them, at the pressing request of Edward, without witnesses. This is one of the stories which people accept or repudiate according to interest or inclination. It suited the notables, who were overpersuaded by Richard or dreaded the evils of a prolonged minority, to believe or affect to believe the Bishop, and an Act was subsequently passed on the assumption of its truth.

From this mock election in June, says More, he commenced his reign, and was crowned in July with the same provision that was made for the coronation of his nephew. The day before the ceremony he and his Queen rode from the Tower through the city to Westminster, with a train comprising three dukes, nine earls, and twenty-two barons. There was a larger attendance than usual of peers, lay and spiritual, and great dignitaries at the ensuing ceremony in Westminster Hall; and More records as most observable that the Countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry VII., bore up the Queen's train in the procession. Richard soon afterwards left London on a royal progress towards York, where he was crowned a second time; and it was in this progress that he is reported to have planned the crime which has done more to blacken his memory than all his other misdeeds put together, being indeed the main cause why men's minds were thenceforth predisposed to give credence to any barely plausible accusation that might be brought against him. Feeling this, Walpole has exerted his utmost powers of research and ingenuity to prove that Richard did not cause his nephews to be murdered in the Tower, and he has pointed out many material improbabilities and discrepancies in the popular narrative. He lays great stress on the admissions of More and

land," a monk. Neither saw or heard more than the surface of events or the current rumors of the time.

Bacon, that it was long doubted whether the princes were murdered or had died during Richard's reign at all. He insinuates that, if one or both of them had been found in the Tower on the accession of Henry VII., that politic monarch would have got rid of them with no more scruple than he showed in getting rid of Clarence's eldest son and heir, the Earl of Warwick, whom Richard spared; and he contends that Perkin Warbeck was no impostor, but the genuine Duke of York, who had been saved by Tyrrell and his accomplices when they smothered his elder brother.

This would be no defence for Richard if it were true; and the charge in question differs from the rest in the most essential point. Far from being a posthumous production of Lancastrian writers, it was pointedly and repeatedly bruited about at a time when the readiest modes of refutation, if it was groundless, were in Richard's power, and when he had the most powerful of all imaginable motives for resorting to them. When he found foreign princes, including even Louis XI., giving open expression to their abhorrence, and thorough-going adherents like Buckingham falling off, why did he not at once produce his nephews in the open face of day? Even the conventional farce of exposing the bodies was not hazarded, from a conviction probably that two at once would be too much for the most ignorant or slavish credulity.

Rulers with doubtful titles are commonly anxious to rule well; and Richard laid himself out from the commencement of his reign to found a reputation for moderation, equity, and forgiveness of private injuries. "The day after his acceptance of the crown," says More, "he went to Westminster, sat himself down in the Court of King's Bench, made a very gracious speech to the assembly there present, and promised them halcyon days. He ordered one Hog, whom he hated, and who was fled to sanctuary for fear of him, to be brought before him, took him by the hand, and spoke favorably to him, which the multitude thought was a token of his clemency, and the wise men of his vanity."

He formally enjoined the great barons to see to the equal administration of justice in their provinces; and a contemporary sketch of his progresses speaks of "his lords and judges in every place, sitting determining the complaints of poor folks, with due puni-

tion of offenders against the laws." In a circular letter to the bishops, he expresses his fervent desire for the suppression of vice; "and this perfectly followed and put in execution by persons of high estate, pre-eminence, and dignity, induces persons of lower degree to take thereof example, and to insure the same." His legislative measures are admitted to have been valuable additions to the Statute Book.

Edward IV. was always in want of money, and was in the habit of personally appealing to his wealthiest subjects for contributions. "And here," says the chronicler, "I will not let passe a prettie concept that happened in this gathering, in which you shall not only note the humilitie of a king, but more the fantasie of a woman. King Edward had called before him a widow much abounding in substance, and no lesse growne in years, of whom he merily demanded, what she gladly would give him towards his great charges. By my trothe, quoth she, for thy lovely countenance thou shalt have even twentie pounds. The King looking scarce for the half that sum, thanked her, and lovinglie kissed her. Whether the flavor of his breath did so comfort her stomach, or she esteemed the kiss of a king so precious a jewele, she swore incontinentlie, that he should have twentie pounds more, which she with the same will paid that she offered it."* Richard went on an opposite tack. When the citizens and others offered him a benevolence, he refused it, saying, "I would rather have your hearts than your money."

He disforested a large tract of country at Witchwood which his brother had cleared for deer, and showed at the same time his wish to promote all manly and popular amusements by liberal grants and allowances to the masters of his hounds and hawks. There is, moreover, extant a mandate to all mayors and sheriffs not to vex or molest John Brown "our master-guider and ruler of all our bears and apes to us appertaining." He is commended by contemporaries for his encouragement of architecture; and the commendation is justified by a list of the structures which he completed or improved. His love of music is inferred from the extreme measures he adopted for its gratification. Turner quotes a warrant "empowering one of the gentlemen of his chapel to take and

* Holingshed, vol. iii. p. 33.

seize for the King's use, all such singing men and children, expert in the science of music, as he could find and think able to do the King service, in all places in the kingdom, whether cathedrals, colleges, chapels, monasteries, or any other franchised places except Windsor." He was visited by minstrels from foreign countries, and he gave annuities to several professors of the gentle science; "and also," adds Turner, "perhaps from his fondness for their sonorous state music, to several trumpeters." His example, therefore, indirectly refutes the famous Shakspearian theory—"The man that has no music in his soul"—which Steevens contends is fit only to supply the vacant fiddler with something to say in praise of his idle calling. If Richard was an innate villain, he is at all events a proof that one who is "moved with concord of sweet sounds" may be as "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils" as one who cannot distinguish "Rule Britannia" from "Nancy Dawson." Mr. Jesse will have it that Richard's nature was originally a compassionate one; and he appeals to the pensions considerably bestowed by him on the widows of his enemies, Lady Hastings, Lady Rivers, Lady Oxford, and the Duchess of Buckingham.

A few months after the death of the young princes, the clergy in convocation assembled drew up and presented a petition to him, complaining that churchmen were cruelly, grievously, and daily troubled, vexed, indicted, and arrested; and prayed for relief, "Seeing your most noble and blessed disposition in all other things." Probably this is a precedent for the revival of Convocation in all its glory on which the Bishop of Oxford and the other right reverend upholders of that venerated institution will not be anxious to rely.

Sir Thomas More states that Richard, in the height of his prosperity, could never silence the whispers of his conscience, and could not lie quiet in his bed for dreams and visions. So Anne is made to complain:—

"For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep;
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak-
ened."

We suspect that the instability of his position had more to do with his uneasy nights than the sense of guilt; for men of his

temper, habituated to deeds of blood and projects of aggrandizement from boyhood, are little subject to remorse. He knew that the majority of the great nobles were plotting round him, and that it was beyond his power to satisfy the rapacity of all who had helped him to the throne. The Percys turned against Henry IV. on the plea of his ingratitude. Warwick changed sides because he was personally slighted, or disappointed; and Buckingham, in a nearly analogous position, was pretty sure to try whether he could not pull down what he had so largely contributed to set up. His motives have given rise to much ingenious speculation, and were probably mixed. He may (as Shakspeare takes for granted) have been refused the promised earldom and domains of Hereford, although a formal grant of them has been discovered amongst some old records, or, being of the blood royal, he might have hoped to get the crown for himself. He told Morton that he could no longer abide the sight of Richard after the death of "the two young innocents." He accordingly transferred his allegiance to the Earl of Richmond; who, when the arrangements for a simultaneous rising in several parts of England were complete, set sail from St. Malo with a force computed at five thousand soldiers. His friends keeping faith, the insurrection assumed formidable proportions in Devonshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Kent. Buckingham had collected a large force in Wales. But it was impossible to elude Richard's watchfulness; and fortune had not yet deserted him. Richmond's fleet was driven back by a tempest, and Buckingham was stopped by an inundation of the Severn and the neighboring rivers, so terrible, that, for a century afterwards, it was spoken of as Buckingham's Great Water. The result is succinctly told by Shakspeare:—

"Mess. My lord, the army of great Bucking-
ham—

"K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs
of death. [He strikes him.]

"Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is—that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither."

After another messenger has delivered an equally cheering report,—

"Enter CATESBY.

"My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken. That's the best news.—That the Earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder tidings, yet it must be told.

"King. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here

A royal battle might be won and lost. Some one take order Buckingham be brought To Salisbury: the rest march on with me."

Many readers will be as much puzzled by this passage as was the Drury Lane audience on the night when John Philip Kemble, feeling ill, left out the line * which provoked a nightly conflict with the pit. The point or claptrap which they miss was interpolated by Cibber in what, with a few subsequent changes, is still the acting edition of the play:—

"Enter CATESBY.

"My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.

"Rich. Off with his head: so much for Buckingham."

This is the popular reading, and a story is current in theatrical circles of the ludicrous confusion of a celebrated actor who piqued himself on the delivery of the line given to Richard, when the Catesby of the evening thus varied his part:—

"My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, And, without orders, they've cut off his head."

Cibber's Richard is printed amongst his works under the title of "The Tragical History of King Richard III. as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Altered from Shakspeare, by Mr. Cibber. London. Printed in the year 1721." Indignation is naturally excited by the bare notion of Shakspeare corrected by Cibber, and we are prepared to hear of "gilding refined gold, painting the lily," etc. Yet the best critics are agreed that the success of the drama as an acting play is mainly owing to him. Their concurrent estimate is thus expressed by Steevens: "The hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, etc., are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson [a Kean and a Macready], should at different periods have given it a popularity

* "For this be sure to-night thou shalt have aches." The story is told by Scott, "Prose Works," vol. xx. p. 188.

beyond other dramas of the same author.

Yet the favor with which this tragedy is now received, must also in some measure be imputed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally considered, is judicious." No modern audience, we agree with him, would patiently listen to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his expostulation with the murderers, the prattle of his children, the soliloquy of the scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the vehement interchange of curses and invectives with which whole scenes are stuffed, or the repeated progresses to execution. In fact, Shakspeare's ordinary fertility of resource is frequently belied by this play; for Clarence's dream (in which the betrayed Warwick and the murdered of Tewkesbury appear to him) foreshadows Richard's; and the scene in which he extorts the reluctant consent of Elizabeth—

"Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman—"

too closely resembles that in which he woos and wins Anne. His new marriage project is thus broached to his convenient tool, Catesby:—

"I say again, give out

That Anne, my queen, is sick and like to die.

About it, for it stands me much upon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain!"

It is one of the strangest stories of these strange times that the young and lovely Princess Elizabeth was in love with the wicked crook-backed uncle who had murdered her brothers; and that, in declared rivalry with her aunt, she appeared at the Christmas festivals of 1484 in royal robes exactly similar to those of the Queen who died the March following of a languishing distemper. His tongue must have surpassed that of the original tempter, or the great ladies of those days must have had an uncommon share of their sex's weakness, if one after the other consented to overlook notorious crime and suppress natural horror in this fashion; for it would seem that the Princess' inclinations were sanctioned by her mother, the widow of Edward IV., who, if possible, had still stronger grounds

of abhorrence. Another curious sign of the times is the oath by which he induced his nieces to leave the sanctuary and trust themselves in his power. This document, dated March 1, 1484, begins thus :—

"I, Richard, by the grace of God king, etc., in the presence of you, my lords spiritual and temporal, and you, mayor and aldermen of my city of London, promise and swear, *verbo regio*, upon these Holy Evangelists of God, by me personally touched, that if the daughters of Dame Elizabeth Grey, late calling herself Queen of England; that is to wit, Elizabeth, Cecily, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget, will come unto me out of the sanctuary at Westminster, and be guided, ruled, and demeaned after me, then I shall see that they shall be in surety of their lives, and also not suffer any manner of hurt by any manner of person or persons, to them or any of them, on their bodies and persons, to be done by way of ravishment or defouling, contrary to their will."

He further swears to marry them to gentlemen by birth, to endow each of them to the amount of two hundred marks *per annum*, and to discredit any reports to their disadvantage, till they shall have had opportunity for lawful defence and answer.

There is good reason to believe that Richard continued warmly attached to his early love and wedded wife, Anne; who never recovered the death of their son, and languished, says Buck, "in weakness and extremity of sorrow, until she seemed rather to overtake death, than death her." Richard might easily have procured a dispensation to marry his niece, had he been so minded; but the project was never carried further than was required to break off or delay her marriage with her future husband, Richmond; and when this purpose had been answered, he publicly assured the citizens of London that he never so much as contemplated the union.

The shortness of his reign favors the notion that the nation, exasperated beyond endurance by his villanies, rose and threw him off like an incubus. But nothing of the kind occurred. The people at large were too much inured to scenes of blood and acts of cruelty, to be shocked by them. They cared little or nothing whether a few princes or lords, more or less, were put to death, so long as they were not fleeced by the tax-gatherer or oppressed by a local tyrant; and

Richard, like Cromwell at a later period, took good care that there should be no usurped or abused authority besides his own. He was not weighed in the balance and found wanting, till two discontented nobles, the Stanleys, threw their whole weight into the opposing scale. The numerical inferiority of Richmond's army is a conclusive proof that his cause was not a pre-eminently popular one. After landing at Milford Haven (Aug. 6, 1485), he proceeded by a circuitous route through Wales, in the hope, which was not disappointed, of profiting by his Welsh blood and connections. On arriving at Shrewsbury, the gates, after a short parley, were opened to him by Mitton, the sheriff, who had sworn fidelity to Richard, but fortunately discovered a mode of breaking his oath without hurt to his conscience. He had sworn that Richmond should go over his belly before entering the tower, meaning, of course, that he would die in its defence, "soe when they entered, the sayd Mitton lay alonge the grounde wyth his belly upwards, and soe the said Earle stepped over hym and saved his othe."

On Tuesday, August 16th, Richard quitted Nottingham at the head of all the forces he could collect, and entered Leicester the same evening a little after sunset. He took up his quarters in a large half-timber house, standing within living memory; and slept in a bed, the remains of which were recently in existence. It had a false bottom, in which a large sum of money could be concealed, and did duty as a military chest.* He passed the night of the 17th at Elmsthorp, eleven miles from Leicester; and on the 18th pitched his camp at a place called the Bradshaws, a mile and a half from Bosworth Field. Richmond advanced by Lichfield and Tamworth to Atherstone, close to the Field; where he arrived on the 20th, after having held a private council with the Stanleys on the way. Judging from the result, their plan is concluded to have been that, whilst Richmond marched directly to the field, Lord Stanley should take up a position on the right, and Sir William on the left, so that, when the four armies were marshalled, they would form a hollow square;

* The "Battle of Bosworth Field," etc., etc., by W. Hutton, F.A.S.S.; the second edition by J. Nicholls, F.S.A., p. 37. Engravings of the house and bedstead are given in this book.

the two brothers to remain neuter unless their aid should prove indispensable. There were good reasons for this saving clause; for Lord Strange, Lord Stanley's eldest son, was a hostage in the hands of Richard; and though the usurper might be defeated, it did not follow that he would be killed, or lose all future chance of taking full vengeance on false friends. According to Hutton's estimate, Richard brought into the field twelve thousand men, Richmond more than seven, Lord Stanley five, and Sir William Stanley three. The same impartial and well-informed writer succinctly sums up the respective merits and pretensions of the rivals: "Were I allowed to treat royalty with plainness, Richard was an accomplished rascal, and Henry not one jot better. Which had the greatest right to the crown, is no part of the argument; neither of them had any. Perhaps their chief difference of character consisted in Richard's murdering two men for Henry's one; but as a small counterbalance, Richard had some excellencies, to which the other was a stranger."

The powers of upper air may therefore be supposed to have remained neuter, and each of the combatants passed probably an equally agitated night. We learn from an anecdote that Richard had lost nothing of his vigilance or unrelenting sternness. Going the rounds he found a sentinel asleep, and stabbed him, with the remark, "I found him asleep, and have left him as I found him." For summary administration of martial law, this beats Frederick the Great's famous postscript to the subaltern's letter to his wife.

The influence of omens on the English of all classes is mentioned by Philip de Commines, and Richard is reported to have been peculiarly subject to it. "During his abode at Exeter," says Holingshed, "he went about the citie, and viewed the seat of the same, and at length he came to the castle; and when he understood that it was called Rugemont, suddenly he fell into a dumpe, and (as one astonished) said, 'Well, I see my daies be not long.' He spake this of a prophecy told him that when he came once to Richmond, he should not long live after." He had more rational cause for alarm when Jockey of Norfolk produced the doggerel warning found in his tent, for it clearly in-

dictated the desertion and treachery that were about to prove fatal to him.

Shakspeare's representation of the battle is unaccountably tame, for he has made little or no use of the many stirring episodes and incidents supplied by the chroniclers. Early in the morning, Sir Robert Brakenbury delivered this message to Lord Stanley: "My lord, the King salutes you, and commands your immediate attendance with your bands, or, by God, your son shall instantly die." About the same time, Sir Reginald Bray came with a pressing message from Richmond. Stanley replied to Brakenbury: "If the King stains his honor with the blood of my son, I have more; but why should he suffer? I have not lifted a hand against him. I will come at a convenient time." When this answer was brought to Richard, he exclaimed: "This is a false pretence. He is a traitor, and young Strange shall die. Catesby, see to it." Strange was brought forth, and the executioner was getting ready the axe and the block, when Lord Ferrers of Chartley warmly remonstrated, and extorted a reprieve, mainly by urging that Lord Stanley might be still undecided. This is rather weakly rendered by—

"Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind care of eternal night.

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

"Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

"Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

"Nor. My lord, the enemy has passed the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die."

The vanguard of Richard's army was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk; the centre and main body by the King himself, who rode at their head, mounted on his celebrated milk-white steed,—

"Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow,"—

and, arrayed in the splendid suit of armor which he had worn at Tewkesbury. Like Henry V. at Agincourt, he wore a golden crown, not (as Hutton takes care to tell us) as a man would wear a hat or cap, but by way of crest over his helmet, instead of the grinning boar's head in which Sir E. Bulwer Lytton portrays him scattering dismay at

Barnet. Richmond, too, bore himself gallantly, and rode through the ranks, marshalling and encouraging his men, arrayed in complete armor, but unhelmeted. His vanguard, commanded by the Earl of Oxford, began the battle by crossing the low ground towards the elevated position where Richard prudently waited the attack. "The trumpets blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the King's archers courageously let fly their arrows. The Earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again; and the terrible shot once passed, the armies joined, and came to hand strokes." * The leaders of those days deemed it a point of honor to fight hand to hand, if possible, and Oxford and Norfolk managed to engage in a personal encounter, which would form a fitting subject for an Ariosto or a Scott. After shivering their spears on each other's shields or breastplates, they fell to with their swords. Oxford, wounded in the arm by a blow which glanced from his crest, returned it by one which hewed off the visor of Norfolk's helmet, leaving the face bare; and then, disdaining to follow up the advantage, drew back, when an arrow from an unknown hand pierced the Duke's brain. Surrey, hurrying up to assist or avenge his father, was surrounded and overpowered by Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir John Savage, who commanded on the right and left for Richmond,

"Young Howard single with an army fights;
When, moved with pity, two renowned knights,
Strong Clarendon and valiant Conyers, try
To rescue him, in which attempt they die.
Now Surrey, fainting, scarce his sword can
hold,
Which made a common soldier grow so bold,
To lay rude hands upon that noble flower,
Which he disdaineth,—anger gives him power,—
Erects his weapon with a nimble round,
And sends the peasant's arm to kiss the
ground." †

If we may credit tradition or the chroniclers, all this was literally true. When completely exhausted, Surrey presented the hilt of his sword to Talbot, whom he requested to take his life, and save him from dying by an ignoble hand. He lived to be the Surrey of Flodden Field, and the worthy

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 154. Balls of about a pound and a half weight have been dug up on the field, but none of the chroniclers speak of artillery as used by either side.

† Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont, Bart., quoted by Mr. Jesse from Weaver's Funeral Monuments, p. 554.

transmitter of "all the blood of all the Howards."

Hutton contends that, although Norfolk had fallen and Lord Stanley had closed up whilst the vanguard were engaged, no decisive advantage had been gained, when Richard made that renowned charge, which historians describe as the last effort of despair. He was bringing up his main body when intelligence reached him that Richmond was posted behind the hill with a slender attendance. His plan was formed on the instant; nor, although fiery courage or burning hate might have suggested it, was it ill-judged or reckless. Three-fourths of the combatants, if we include the Stanleys, were ready to side with the strongest. Richmond's army, without Richmond, was a rope of sand. His fall would be the signal for a general scattering or a feigned renewal of hollow allegiance to the conqueror. Neither did the execution of the proposed *coup de main* betoken a sudden impulse inconsiderately acted upon. Richard rode out at the right flank of his army, and ascended a rising ground to get a view of his enemy, with whose person he was not acquainted. He summoned to his side a chosen body of knights, all of whom, with the exception of Lord Lovell, perished with him, and he paused to drink at a spring, which still goes by his name. It must have been here, if anywhere, that Catesby, a civilian, called his attention to Sir William Stanley's suspicious movements, and urged him to fly, offering a fresh horse; but there is no authority for making Catesby exclaim to Norfolk, slain an hour ago:—

"Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death."

For aught that is known, it was White Surrey that, like Hotspur's roan, was to bear him like a thunderbolt against the bosom of his foe; and it was spear in rest that he dashed amongst Richmond's surprised and fluttered body-guard. "Richard was better versed in arms, Henry was better served. Richard was brave, Henry a coward. Richard was about five feet four, rather runted, but only made crooked by his enemies; and wanted six weeks of thirty-three. Henry was twenty-seven, slender, and near five feet

nine, with a saturnine countenance, yellow hair, and gray eyes."

Such is Hutton's estimate of the personal prowess of the pair who were now contending for a kingdom. What follows sounds fabulous, unless we bear in mind the reflection with which Scott accompanies his sketch of Claverhouse unhorsing Balfour of Burleigh. "A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man, to appearance so slightly made as Claverhouse, and the vulgar of course set down to supernatural aid the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm." We all recollect the Countess of Auvergne's wonder at the sight of Talbot, whom she calls "a weak and writhled shrimp;" and the hero of one of the most spirited feats of arms recorded by Froissart, is a humpbacked little knight, whose head and shoulders only just appeared over his raised saddle-bow. According to Grafton, Richard, so soon as he descried Richmond, "put spurs to his horse, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest towards him." He unhorsed Sir John Cheney, a strong and brave knight,* and rushing on Sir William Brandon, Henry's standard-bearer, cleft his skull, tore the standard from his grasp, and flung it on the ground. "He was now," says Hume, "within reach of Richmond himself, who declined not the combat." Others say Richmond drew back, as a braver man might have done in his place—

"No craven he, and yet he shuns the blow,
So much confusion magnifies the foe."

Fortunately for him, Sir William Stanley came up at the very nick of time "with three thousand tall men," and overpowered Richard, who died, fighting furiously, and murmuring with his last breath, *treason! treason! treason!* So nicely timed was Stan-

* "Sir John Cheney, of Sherland, personally encountering King Richard, was felled to the ground by the monarch, had his crest struck off and his head laid bare: for some time, it is said, he remained stunned; but recovering after awhile, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his head to supply the loss of the upper part of his helmet: he then returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service that Henry, on being proclaimed king, assigned Cheney for crest the bull's scalp, which his descendants still bear." (Sir Bernard Burke, *Vicissitudes of Families*, p. 350.)

ley's aid, that Henry afterwards justified the ungrateful return he made for it by saying: "He came time enough to save my life, but he stayed long enough to endanger it." Richard received wounds enough to let out a hundred lives; his crown had been struck off at the beginning of the onset: and his armor was so broken, and his features were so defaced, that he was hardly to be recognized when dragged from beneath a heap of slain—

"His hand still strained the broken brand,
His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,—
Can that be haughty Marmion?"

And can that stripped and mutilated corpse be the crowned monarch who at morning's rise led a gallant army to an assured victory, who had recently been described by a distinguished foreigner as holding the proudest position held by any king of England for a hundred years? * Nothing places in a stronger light the depth of moral degradation and insensibility, fast verging towards barbarism, to which men's minds have been sunk by the multiplied butcheries of these terrible conflicts, than the indignities heaped upon the dead King, with the sanction, if not by the express orders, of his successor. The body, perfectly naked, with a rope round the neck, was flung across a horse, like the carcass of a calf, behind a pursuivant at arms bearing a silver boar upon his coat, and was thus carried in triumph to Leicester. It was exposed two days in the Townhall, and then buried without ceremony in the Gray Friars Church. At the destruction of the religious houses the remains were thrown out, and the coffin, which was of stone, was converted into a watering-trough at the White Horse Inn. The best intelligence that Mr. Hutton, who made a journey on purpose in 1758, could collect concerning it, was that it was broken up about the latter end of the reign of George the First, and that some of the pieces had been placed as steps in a cellar of the inn. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!" The sign of the White Boar at Leicester, at which Richard slept, was forthwith converted into the Blue Boar; and the name of the street, called

* Philip de Commynes.

after it, has been corrupted into Blubber Lane.

As to the person of Richard, we agree with Buck and Walpole. "The truth [says Walpole] I take to have been this: Richard, who was slender and not tall, had one shoulder a little higher than the other, a defect by the magnifying-glasses of party, by distance of time, and by the amplification of tradition, easily swelled to shocking deformity." The impression left by a marked personal peculiarity may be unconsciously heightened and transmitted till it becomes inextricably woven into the web of history. Thus Lord Macaulay, a warm admirer of both Luxembourg and William, winds up a brilliant paragraph by the remark that amongst the one hundred thousand men engaged at Landen, "perhaps the two feeblest in body were the humpbacked dwarf who urged on the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." The strongest argument in favor of Richard's personal appearance is that drawn from Dr. Shaw's address to the citizens of London preparatory to the usurpation. After contending that the illegitimacy of Edward IV. and Clarence was obvious from their likeness to persons with whom their mother had intrigued, he went on: "But my Lord Protector, that very noble Prince, the pattern of all heroic deeds, represents the very face and mind of the great Duke his father. His features are the same, and the very express likeness of that noble Duke." At these words the Protector was to enter as if by chance; and al-

though the point was missed by his non-appearance till a few minutes later, such a *coup de théâtre* would hardly have been hazarded if Richard either presented no resemblance or a miniature and caricature one of his father. A Scotch prelate, one of the commissioners for concluding the marriage between Prince James of Scotland and the Lady Anne de la Pole, thus alludes to Richard's stature in his address:—

"He (the King of Scotland) beholds in your face a princely majesty and authority royal, sparkling with the illustrious beams of all moral and heroic virtue. To you may not unfitly be applied what was said by the poet of a most renowned prince of the Thebans:—

"Nunquam tantum animum natura minori Corpore, nec tantas visa est includere vires. Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."*

He had a habit of gnawing his under lip and a trick of playing with his dagger, which, although misconstrued into signs of an evil disposition, were probably mere outward manifestations of restlessness. Polydore Virgil speaks of his "horrible vigilance and celerity." It was the old story of the sword wearing out the scabbard; and the chances are that he would not long have survived Bosworth Field had he come off unscathed and the conqueror.

* Buck, in Kennet, p. 573. The address was in Latin, and is rather freely rendered by Buck. *Facies* may mean *form* or *air* as well as *face*. The prelate's quotation from Statius, too, is somewhat garbled. See the *Thebaid*, L. 1. v. 416 and L. 6. v. 845.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.—For daring to publish the pastoral which announced the intended celebration of the tercentenary of the massacre of 4,000 unarmed Huguenots in cold blood and violation of a solemn pact, on the day of Pentecost, the 17th of May, 1562, at Toulouse, all honor to the Archbishop of that see. Consistency forever! All honor to the Pope for not having condemned the pastoral of his consistent prelate. This was none of your hypocritical effusions of rigmarole, affecting Christian love and compassion for poor lost sheep. It was a bold vindication of what, according to the Archbishop's creed, and the creed of the Roman See, which has sanctioned its publication, is an act of faith, but what the world in general calls an act of murder.

The French Government has prohibited the celebration of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew the Less, so to speak, which the brave old Archbishop intended to commemorate. Herein

it has perhaps acted with prudence. It is possible that enemies and persecutors of the Saints, if there are any in Toulouse, would have hissed the holy man, and pelted him at the head of his procession with rotten eggs; thus converting the triumph of the Church into a profane ovation.

The disapproval, however, of the contemplated ceremony, which has been published in the *Moniteur*, must of course be understood with due reservation. The Archbishop of Toulouse and the Holy See have adopted the Huguenot massacre of 1562—are what we wretched heretics call accessories after the fact. The ex-King of Naples subsidizes the Neapolitan brigands; the Pope harbors the ex-King of Naples, and French troops uphold the Pope. The Emperor of the French cannot be considered serious in censuring the Archbishop of Toulouse, whilst his arms maintain the temporal power of the Holy Father.—*Punch*.

CHAPTER V.

"COURAGE!" whispered the lover. "Do not speak. And," he added, seeing her gesture of despair, "you must not sink."

Once more, with a strong, steady hand, and noiselessly, he tried the door. It was in vain. He glanced over the blank wall of the building, and saw that there was no hope that way. He drew Anna towards their narrow and shaking bridge; and she longed to fall from it, and be drowned in the moat. She saw now what she had been doing, and she wished she was dead. Henry Fletcher, however, supported her quickly to the other bank, and to the shadow of the wood.

"We are lost!" was all she could say.

"Not without a struggle to save ourselves," said he.

"Put me into one of the fishing-boats," said she, "and I will never come back."

"I thought of our getting off to foreign parts," said he; "thought of it for one moment; but it would be disgrace and ruin, and perhaps death to you."

"I wish I was dead!"

"Better live for better times! We must cast ourselves upon the Bishop's favor. He is in the country. He came yesterday."

"My uncle! Oh, I dare not!" said Anna, sinking to the ground.

"Yes, you will, when you consider that he can and will save you for the sake of the family honor. My heart's treasure! you must be brave! For one hour you must be brave, for both our sakes, and we may be safe. There is not a moment to lose. I am going for my horse. Do not move from this place till I return. Summon your spirits to play the man for one hour, and all may be well."

While he was gone she wished he would never come back, and she would lie there and die. Yet it cheered her to hear his horse's tramp first, and then his own voice. He had brought with him the false beard so often worn in the dramatic shows of the village. This, somewhat trimmed away, served for a disguise, with a horseman's cloak and hat that Anna had on. She rode behind her lover for the two miles to the Bishop's house. The horse was then tied up to a tree, and the riders rang loudly at the door of the hall.

Captain Fletcher declared himself and comrade to be the bearers of important news, and they must see the Bishop instantly.

The porter would refuse entrance at his peril. In two minutes the visitors were by the Bishop's bedside; and there they told their story, when Fletcher had made sure that there was no one listening at the door.

There was no use in giving way to anger now, the Bishop said to himself. That must be for hereafter. He summoned his body-servant, and ordered his coach and a posse of attendants or horseback to be ready by the time he should have put his clothes on, deposited his informants in his oratory while he dressed, and was ready in a shorter time than ever before, since he was a distinguished man.

The villagers were roused from sleep by the flare of the torches as the procession went by; and the two or three laborers who were abroad in the dawn stared to see how early my Lord Bishop was travelling; but when the cavalcade turned down the avenue to the house of Our Lady, strange reports sprang up all through the neighborhood. At the breakfast-tables of all the gentry round, the news was told, and believed by some few alarmists, that the King had sent down orders to break up the establishment. This was absurd, of course,—the Bishop himself being the visitor.

This was, however, the Reverend Mother's apprehension when she was roused from her deepest sleep by knockings at the gate, the lowering of the bridge, and the tramp of horses in the court. The portress came to her door with the news that the Lord Bishop was in his coach below, demanding the keys of every place in and around the house, and ordering that no inmate, from the Reverend Mother to the scullion, should leave her cell.

"I will speak with his Reverence instantly," said the trembling Abbess. But she was forbidden to leave her room, or open her door. The Bishop had received information that some person was in the convent who had no business there; and it would be better for each inmate to be in her own cell while he made the search himself. Guards were posted all round the house, and the intruder could not escape: the Reverend Mother might be satisfied of that.

"Satisfied!" while she was overwhelmed with rage and shame! If the charge was true, what a position was hers with the nuns! If it was false, what an insult was this to re-

ceive from the Bishop, and in the face of her household and the village! There were people in the village who would declare it the most likely thing in the world, and would spread the rumor over the country, to be believed wherever religious houses were in disgrace. The holy Abbess stood trembling with fear and passion within her own door, listening to the tread of strangers in the passages, and the opening and shutting of doors.

The Bishop's informants had travelled in his coach, and were desired to keep close to his person as he made his rounds. Some half-dozen or more attendants he posted in the corridors and offices and chapel, while he and one or two visited every cell. There was thus sufficient confusion about numbers to prevent remark when he issued from a passage with one attendant which he had entered with two, and there was opportunity for the lover to whisper words of hope. Anna's imprisonment should be brought to an end by some means. Would she promise to trust him? She did promise to trust him. The next minute Anna had been dropped in her cell, and the Bishop carried her disguise under his own ample cloak.

By the time the cavalcade had departed, it was close upon the hour for chapel. The Reverend Mother was too much agitated to appear; and amidst the excitement of the other frightened women Anna's face passed muster. She was now flushed and now pallid; but so were others; and she did not faint. The Bishop had caused the Reverend Mother to be informed that he had not discovered any intruder, but that there had been unpardonable carelessness in leaving a way of entrance open through the tool-house. He could not say he was satisfied that he had been misinformed.

What household in England was now so wretched as this? and who in it was so wretched as Anna? How should she endure a whole life in such a place and society? Yet her uncle had frozen her spirits by saying, as he rudely thrust her into her cell, that her plots and pranks were over, and she would never more leave those walls. She knew Henry believed that she might; but her uncle might know best—must know best. And even that blank prospect was not the worst. Some hand must have turned that key. Whose was it? She never knew. Every one of the little minds about her,

craving excitement and occupation, was full of suspicion, and busy in communicating it; and she was the cause of all the evil construction! Every day she was compelled to hear long reasonings to prove that sister this or sister that had some intrigue, and was the cause of the insult the holy house had received. As if this was not enough, she found that everybody's suspicions converged at last on the unhappy Sister Catherine, who, having been frail, or reported to be so, was now credited with this scandal. In vain she disputed each case in turn, and grew vehement in defence of the common victim. She did no good, and only provoked the question—what, then, did she believe had really happened? Could she not coax her uncle to tell her? He was so fond of her, he would tell her anything she asked.

She brought now to the chapel rites even less devotion than before; and the daily routine of the services became intolerably irksome. She had heard so much from Henry of the orders and counter-orders of the Pope and the King, of the disputes about the services, of the discrediting of Saints, as well as of the religious houses, that all that she had ever learned seemed to be overthrown, and all that she had once supposed particularly holy was now declared false and impious. As she and Henry had agreed, there was nothing to trust to now but the Scriptures. Happily, she had them for comfort: and without them she felt that she must go mad: but they did not help her in the daily rites which had become a hypocrisy.

Miserable as she was, she did not go mad. When she hid her face in her pillow, dreading the long night of remorse and shame, words would arise in her memory which sent her to her knees, in gratitude and hope. "Come unto me" were the words; and the "weary and heavy-laden" one hoped in time to find rest.

She would willingly have borne all the shame; and would have been happier if allowed to tell the truth; but the Bishop told her she deserved no such relief, and must carry through the sacrifices he had made for the family honor. He had not saved her for her own sake. It was for her innocent family that he had spared her good name; and for the sake of religion as illus-

trated in his own rank and office. She could not be allowed to undo his work for her own satisfaction: and she must therefore receive her parents and sisters, when they visited her, with such cheerfulness as would satisfy them of her contentment with her vocation.

Was ever young creature so solitary? This was her groan when she could put off the mask of cheerfulness which she wore as penance. Henry was thinking of her: but she should never see him more. She could not now fling herself, as she once could, on the sympathy of the Lady of Sorrows; but she now knew that she might shut the door of her cell, and pray secretly, sure of being never forsaken.

So passed the weary summer, and the darkening autumn, and the howling winter, without a letter from any quarter, or any incident to vary the heavy days, till there was another alarm which threw the whole house into consternation. It was in broad day this time, however.

Anna was gardening, one morning in March, with Sister Perpetua standing by, talking of the mezereon and the early tulips, and the violets which would soon be fit for perfume-bags, when they heard some shouts from the village. Anna rested on her hoe and listened. Sister Perpetua remarked on the difference between the roar of human voices and that of the sea to which it is often compared.

"But what is it?" exclaimed Anna.

Here the dear daughters were summoned to the Reverend Mother, who was hysterical, "and in a dreadful temper," the messenger added. She was in much agitation, certainly,—at one moment saying she would gather her beloved children round her, and show all intruders what her position was, and defy their malice,—and presently calling herself the unhappy mother of undutiful children, who had no confidence in her, and tricked her, and compromised her good name and that of her house. In the midst of her outpouring she clasped Anna to her bosom, saying that this young creature was her chief earthly comfort. Here was one who could never deceive her, and whose excellent relatives would afford her all the support that human friendship could yield. Amidst the sting of Anna's remorse, there was the comfort of knowing that her uncle

had kept her secret from the person who could make her most unhappy by knowing it.

This time, however, the Bishop could help nobody. Commissioners under the royal warrant had arrived to investigate the condition of the House of our Lady of Seven Sorrows. No notice had been given of their arrival; and though the Bishop set out from his palace in the city at the first rumor, and travelled as fast as his great coach would go, he found the Commissioners far advanced in their business, and not at all needing his assistance. They even recommended his going back: but he shut himself up in his country house, wrathful, disgusted, and somewhat alarmed: for there were people who took advantage of the presence of the King's Commissioners to express their feelings about convents in general, and this one in particular, and to hand about broadsheets which raised many a laugh at the alehouse; and to sing ballads which could not be even named to the Bishop.

The Commissioners, Dr. Pike and Dr. London, with their secretaries, were now daily seated in the visitors' parlor, where they summoned in turn every individual of the household. It was a new thing to the Abbess to have her presence declined, however politely: but she could not convince the learned doctors that she could make many things clear by being present. It had not been allowed in any case, that the Superior should be present.

Many of the witnesses were certainly anything but clear. Some of the sisters were in that house in virtue of their stupidity: and others had lost all alertness of thought and speech in the course of their seclusion of many years. Many confused answers were given; and some wonderful theories of monastic government were offered, together with criticisms on the Reverend Mother's ways. The doctors listened to everything, and asked a great many questions. Sister Perpetua was the most sensible witness of the whole company. She knew the income and the expenditure of the house, and declared it to the best of her knowledge, though requested by the Abbess to understate both, as she had herself done, in consideration of the rapacious character of all royal commissioners. Anna, being nearly the youngest, was one of the

last examined, and what she had heard from others had reduced her fears to something so bearable that she might possibly have been disappointed if the great doctors had excused her from attendance. As the examination proceeded, she felt more and more free to speak, and found it such a blessing to be able to speak that it flashed upon her at length that Henry Fletcher had perhaps obtained for her the opportunity. She suspected it from the kindly temper and manners of the examiners; and from the bearing of their questions, and from their evident insight into the politics of the convent. Much of this last might be owing to what they had learned in the course of the week: but they could hardly have inquired in so pertinent a way without some preparation. From the moment that it occurred to her that she might be speaking to friends of Henry Fletcher, she regarded them as friends of her own. She praised Sister Perpetua, expressed her admiration of Emilia's devoutness, and said no harm of anybody, unless pressed. Being asked whether she emulated Emilia's self-consecration, she frankly answered "Not now." Being asked whether that meant that she once had, she replied, "Yes; and she admired it still." Then followed questions as to why she had changed, and what was now her view of a religious life: and she used no reserve in answering. She found that many wise peoples' minds had changed on matters which she had taken upon trust: she thought it a great blessing to have the Scriptures to rest upon in the midst of such disputes: she certainly did know the Scriptures, more or less, and did not find in them any instructions which could have made her a nun, if she had studied them earlier. She believed that men and women might lead holy lives in the cloister, and save their souls: but she thought it more likely to succeed in convents where there were tasks to be done for the benefit of the world. Yes; some work was done here: but it was only growing herbs and flowers, and making conserves and medicines, and fine needlework for sale. But such things could be as well done in the world; and here there was no teaching of the poor, or nursing them, nor any learned study, nor any useful occupation. Some of the nuns were happy, she believed, and some were not: but she supposed that

was the case in all convents. If she was plainly asked whether she was happy, she could not say she was: but it was her own fault. She entered the convent willingly: and if she was disappointed, it was from her own ignorance of herself, and of the kind of life she had pledged herself to pass. Being again plainly asked, she answered that she would at any time release herself, if it could be done without guilt, and without disgrace to her family. Yes, she had heard of convents being broken up; and she certainly had meditated on the chance of the same thing happening to the House of Our Lady, in which she must otherwise end her days. It would certainly alter the case very much if the convent became a seat of education or of charity; but still—though she should be thankful for such a change—she could not say that she would not return to the world if she had a fair opportunity.

"My poor child! You are lost!" exclaimed the Bishop, when he had at length seen the Commissioners ride away with their secretaries, and could examine his niece as to what had taken place. "You are lost, my poor daughter! You have fallen into the snares of the emissaries of hell. You have said more than men and women have been burnt for, since you have entered this house."

"Burnt!" groaned Anna.

"Burned alive at the stake. You do not mean that you have not heard of such a thing?" said the pitiless priest. "You have mistaken these enemies of the Church for friends;—was it not so?"

"I thought they were very kind," said Anna, melting into tears.

"To be sure, to be sure! Nobody kinder, till the Evil One himself catches you. I fear you will soon see what the kindness comes to. Or perhaps not so very soon. They let their victims play a little sometimes; but they keep an eye upon them. No one ever escapes; and few give them such advantage as you have done."

Such was the Bishop's opinion, though he had heard much less than the whole of what Anna had poured out to Henry's supposed friends.

What was the truth? She would give up every pleasure she had—almost her Bible itself—to know. If these doctors were sent

by Henry's means, some change must happen. If they were spies of the Church, of the King, or the Primate, about whose opinions there were the most confused reports abroad, she would have to die. She had no great recoil from that. She would be glad to die, rather than live for fifty years in that cell. But burning was such a fearful death! And the blame and disgrace! and the misery of her family! and Henry's horror! He would not permit her to die so. She would trust in Henry. He would do what could be done; and she would bear the rest.

This was her prevailing mood. Yet she grew so nervous about every sound from outside the walls that the sisters all observed it; and their speculations gave them something new to talk about in the leisure hours when silence, and meditation on divine things were enjoined upon them.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE midsummer this House of Our Lady, theoretically the sanctuary of peace, was a nest of cabals and strifes. Half the sisters threatened the other half that the King should know what some people thought of his three last marriages, and of the rival claims of King and Pope. There were two or three who could not be induced to say what they thought of the marriage of a former rector of the parish. These were informed against to the Bishop, and a confessor or two, as well as the Reverend Mother; and the result made the sisters suppose that the world was at last coming to an end. The Bishop took no notice of the information; and the confessor was of opinion that, about the marriage of priests, there was much to be said on both sides. Both sides were, on this hint, discussed very amply; and this argument brought into question the monastic vow of celibacy; and then the other two vows. The Abbess believed the vow of obedience to be in such danger that she lodged a formal complaint against the Commissioners for corrupting her nuns. She could not allege any single act of theirs as an outrage on her authority: but since the day of their appearance, all had gone wrong. Her dear daughters were no longer confiding and submissive. They presumed now to criticise and argue on dangerous subjects, and to obey such only of

her commands as pleased them. The complaint reached the King; and his remark was the same that he was wont to make in reply to the groans of superiors of monasteries—that the corruption no doubt existed before, and was only made evident by the visits of his messengers. His other remark was the usual one—that that establishment must be looked to.

Presently it began to be remarked among the sisters that this or that article of Our Lady's property had not been seen for some days. Nobody had seen the best silver crucifix for a week; the best altar furniture was not forthcoming on a festival day; and each nun who came out of the Reverend Mother's parlor reported that some of her treasures had vanished.

What could it mean? The romantic were sure it foreboded flight, and wondered what adventures they would pass through. The clever ones had a notion that their Reverend Mother might be sending means abroad to bring over an army from Rome to restore the Pope to his full authority; but Sister Perpetua spoiled the grandeur of such dreams by saying that fines or rates were now levied on some convents, and that probably the Reverend Mother was reducing the showiness of the establishment from policy, or was preparing the means of paying any new charge. This was rather prosaic: but next there were night alarms which made up for all daylight explanations. Some sister who had been wakeful had been aware of draughts in the passages—had heard a cautious opening and shutting of doors—had caught a glimpse of the Reverend Mother, completely dressed, and giving orders to two of the sisters who should be nameless—had seen those sisters deliver chests and parcels to men outside the garden-door; certainly men and not women, for their shadow was plain on the moonlit walk. Then other sisters kept watch, in order to find out who were the two thus specially trusted. In the middle of one night the alarm-bell of the convent rang out,—was clanged so vehemently that everybody was roused for miles away. Then somebody fired the beacon on the hill; and the report flew round the country that the convent was on fire. The people at a mile off were told that a nun was burnt: at two miles off it was five nuns that were burnt; and at Anna's home the intelligence was that the whole establishment, with

all its inhabitants, was destroyed. As the Squire dashed through the village, spurring his horse, he found the people already pouring out at their doors, or calling from the windows; and one of the things oftenest said was, that it was time such a house should be burned off the face of the earth; that it was a wonder that Heaven had had patience so long; and that its being fired by a flash of lightning at midnight showed the part that Heaven had had in the catastrophe.

It was rather perplexing to find the house still standing, and not even on fire. The beacon flared and sent up clouds of red smoke from the cliff, and cast a lurid light on the hovels and the boats and the heaving waves on the beach; but the convent was altogether dark. The bridge was up; and there was no sign of movement within. People were approaching from all quarters, and gathering on the edge of the moat; some shouted to the inmates of the convent; some whistled, screeched, sang; the gentry obtained a moment's silence, now and then, and respectfully hailed the household, inquiring what was the matter; but nobody got any reply.

This was, perhaps, the most prudent course, as it was the Reverend Mother's first object to keep out prying eyes, and avoid explanations. She had been despatching her treasures by night,—some to be lodged in church vaults, and others to be buried in the wood. Emilia was her chief helper; and Emilia would be drowned in the moat or burned in the beacon before she would betray Our Lady's property to profane persons; but everybody had not Emilia's nerve or devotedness: she could not learn who had rung the bell, and the safest way was to keep the house obstinately dark and silent till the Bishop, or some other holy counsellor, should arrive to set everything straight.

Others came, however, before the Bishop could be summoned from the city;—others, to whom the bridge must be lowered, because they came in the King's name. They had been in the neighborhood for some days,—as, by some instinct or otherwise, was known in the house; and now they proceeded in their work of breaking up the establishment.

That day became a prominent one in the traditions of Stoke Holy Cross. Before night, every jester and beggar in the country round was passing the bridge, and in and out as he pleased. The lads and lasses were

dancing about in the chapel, dressed out in the holy vestments; and the good wives were carrying off the wax candles, while their husbands were filling sacks and baskets with apples and onions, and whatever else they could find in the storeclosets. The Abbess' parlor was thronged, and every one would sit a moment in her easy-chair, and try her footstool. The first who entered exclaimed about the comfort of the pleasant room; but it was soon very bare. The nuns' cells were crowded, though there was nothing to see but the narrow, hard pallet, and the crucifix on the plain deal table. Each sister had no doubt carried away any little picture which had been upon the wall.

It required some force to clear the house at dark. The King's messengers indulged popular curiosity till then, because the mood of the people was obviously a convenient one for the royal purposes; but the mead and ale in the cellars had been found too good, and the spirit of the occasion too exhilarating, to permit the risk of setting the house on fire. Everybody was turned out at last,—the last sweepings of lavender and rose-leaves being carried off from the last drawer, as memorials of the place and the day,—every man, woman, and child was chased over the bridge, and a guard of men was posted within, to protect the house for the King's use.

The King wanted the house for a barrack, in these troubled times. He wanted to improve the harbor of the next port, for trade with the Hollanders; and the convent revenues would provide the means. Whatever other influences were at work, these were sufficient; and the House of Our Lady at Stoke Holy Cross took its place in the list of suppressed convents.

It was a strange sight,—the dispersion of the property which had so lately seemed so sacred. The children enjoyed it mightily; but the people seemed to be all like children, on a sudden. There was a cackle of laughter in the village street; and when one went to see why, there was a clown dressed up like a bishop, lifting up his little dog tied to cross sticks over a fellow who pretended to be dying. The most sacred chalice that had belonged to the chapel was carried to the alehouse, and used by everybody that evening. Nobody was ashamed or afraid; and every one was anxious to be able to say hereafter that he had used it for what it was,

—a common wooden cup, neither better nor worse than other wooden cups. There were coarse jests about the priests' bread and wine, and denials that Christ could ever have been born if there was a purgatory, and that he could be living now if hundreds of priests had eaten him a hundred times. It was strange and fearful to hear the arguments, the ballads, the stories about priests and nuns which went round the alehouse circle. On the green, there was a mock-auction of relics,—a sale of chicken bones, pigs' trotters, and hair from a cat's tail,—to mock friars who forthwith went about begging and stealing. There was a childish procession in the street, attending a baby Virgin and child; the sport being to knock over the Virgin in the dust, and pelt her with dirt. There was a confessional set up in the market-place, where the village wits went to confess in the ear of the multitude, accusing the Pope's Church of all imaginable sins, and a mock king setting the penance for each.

The innkeeper's wife was at her wits' end, between the bustle of the day and the confusion of her own mind. What to think, between the Pope and the King, she did not know; and there were terrible stories going of the convents; but it made her blood run cold to hear such things as were said this day. She could not stay at her post if somebody did not learn for her where her Mistress Anna was. At this moment she had an offer of a fine piece of silk for a doublet for her husband,—very cheap, if she would pay for it on the moment. She saw it was a cope from the chapel; but somebody would buy it if she did not; so she secured it, making the thirsty seller promise to learn for her what had become of her Mistress Anna. Then, somebody rode into the yard on a fine saddle cloth, which brought out the whole company to look at it. It was well enough understood to be a tunic from the same chest as the cope; and the hostess turned away; but she came back, for the chance of hearing if anything had been seen of her Mistress Anna.

A pedler came in to learn whether any gentleman, wearing a dagger, wanted a case for it. There were few daggers worthy of such a sheath; for it was a reliquary, thick set with precious stones. Still, there was a hue and cry after certain massive silver taper

stands, the great silver bell, and other chapel plate which nobody had seen that day. Some said they were stowed in the belfry of the church: some that they had been shipped off from the beach in the confusion; some that they were buried in the wood or in the sands. The argument at times grew hot as to which was the most probable; and then the hostess cast up her eyes in amazement that people should be so eager about mere gold and silver when nobody had a word to tell of her Mistress Anna, who was worth more than the whole convent and everything in it. That little cell where she thought of her precious little lady, her holy young nun, as praying every night,—who was in it now? and where was she who had never expected to be turned out of that safe nest? The guests were talking about what a good thing it was that criminals would not any longer find sanctuary within that moat, and defy justice: and it might be a good thing to be able to catch your thieves, and make sure of them, instead of their forever slipping through your fingers, as they did when there were those convent chapels to run to. But there might be worse thieves within that moat at that moment,—fellows who had driven the poor doves from their roost, and robbed them of their safe nest. There was that ballad again about the parsonages, with saints in the study and fair sinners in the kitchen: she did not like to hear it, though she was not clear whether the priests had not better marry than do worse: but she would give the best gold coin she had to any one who would sing or say, in ballad or in plain words, where her Mistress Anna was, or what she could do to find her. Her husband had told her twenty times that it was other folks' business to see after Mistress Anna: but it had been the prettiest work of her life to see after Mistress Anna, as the sweetest infant that ever went to sleep in her arms; and she would look after her to the world's end, if she thought Mistress Anna would ever go to sleep in her arms again. It was likely to be a wild night: the wind was rising, and there was a heavy moan along the beach. Till now weather was nothing to persons sheltered in Our Lady's great house; but Mistress Anna was not there to-night: and where was she?

Where, indeed, was Sister Anna, the now fugitive Nun?

HOW LONG?

How long, Elect of France, must hope
Deferred Italian hearts make sick,
While troops of thine uphold the Pope,
As despot of his bishopric,
In "right divine to govern wrong?"
How long? How long?

How long shall Bourbon Francis find
A harbor in the Holy See,
With miscreants of every kind;
Ruffians of high and low degree:
A mercenary brigand throng?
How long? How long?

How long shall he those villains hire,
And arm, and wilt thou still connive,
Whilst they go forth with sword and fire,
Rob, mutilate, and burn alive,
In thy protection only strong?
How long? How long?

How long shall Roman sacred domes
Give shelter to the routed horde?
How long shall the Apostles' Tombs
Those rascals sanctuary afford,
Retreats when chased to hide among?
How long? How long?

How long, thou Ruler of the French,
Shall priests be rulers over thee,
Conspiring liberty to quench,
And re-enslave freed Italy?
Ah, hear the burden of her song!
How long? How long?

—Punch.

THE GIFTS OF THE SOUTH.

"The ladies of Charleston are contributing their plate, spoons, watches, and jewelry, to the common stock, and the planters have brought in to General Beauregard their plantation-bells to cast into cannon."—*Correspondence from the Seat of War in America.*

Let the ladies of the South give their silver
plate and gold,
Their bracelets and their brooches to coin for
soldier's pay;
As once the dames of Corinth, magnanimous
and bold,
Cut their hair to twist for bowstrings, when
their town beleagured lay;

Whate'er the givers' cause may be, a blessing's
on the gift
That's offered in self-sacrifice, and faith, that
moves the world;
Though brothers' blazon deck the flags these
adverse hosts uplift,
Though dark and dim the struggle ere in
peace those flags are furled.

And with their proud and earnest dames, their
gifts the planters bring
Their mules and sheaves—their hogs and
beeves—the corn their barns that fills:

Into the piled-up cotton-pens themselves the
torch they'll fling,
Ere they shall help the Northern needs, or
feed the Northern mills—

"Here's bell-metal—cast more guns—we are
wearied out at last
Of a tie that is a fetter on Southern souls and
soil."

But pause on that last gift, can good come of
cannon cast

From the bells that waked the slaves to their
heavy hopeless toil?

Ah, there it peeps—the canker that spreads from
head to heel!

The leprosy that mines beneath, though with
no warning smart;

The vile alloy of Slavery takes edge from
Southern steel,

And Slavery's base metal lies at their can-
non's heart.

An ominous black shadow broods their boasts
and bravery o'er,

The rattle of their arms doth seem of clank-
ing gyves to tell:

And for all your daring against odds, still in
your cannon's roar

We hear the dreary ringing of the vile Plan-
tation Bell.

—Punch.

A FAREWELL TO THE FLEET.

BY AN OLD SALT.

Now farewell, my trim three-decker,
Sails and spars and all farewell:
Iron's proved of wood a wrecker,
Where 'twill steer us who can tell?

In glorious Nelson's days, d'ye mind them,
Our tars were sailors every inch;
Stout hearts, with pigtails stout behind them,
And ne'er a man to skulk or flinch.

But now—my dear eyes! British sailors
Half soldiers and half stokers are;
And if we manned the fleet with tailors,
'Twould in a month be fit for war.

In battle now there aint no danger,
Good seamanship is at an end.
To reefing every hand's a stranger,
For why?—no canvas now we bend.

Our ships are hearts of oak no longer,
But floating forts with iron cased:
Than Armstrong guns need be arms stronger,
Ere through our sides a shot be placed.

Bomb-proof, hull-sunk, iron-roofed, we steam on,
Nor ball nor boarder fear we now:
And when our foe we run abeam on,
He sinks at once beneath our prow.

Them Yankee swabs, from shot a-shrinking,
Fight under water, so they tell:
Dear eyes! our Navy soon, I'm thinking,
Will be a fleet of diving bells!

—Punch.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT has happened? For Heaven's sake tell me, mother," cried Vincent, as she sank back, wiping her eyes, and altogether overpowered, half with the trouble which he did not know, half with the joy of seeing him again—"say it out at once, and don't keep me in this dreadful suspense. Susan? She is not married? What is wrong?"

"O my dear boy!" said Mrs. Vincent, recovering herself, but still trembling in her agitation—"O my affectionate boy, always thinking of us in his good heart! No, dear. It's—it's nothing particular happened. Let me compose myself a little, Arthur, and take breath."

"But, Susan?" cried the excited young man.

"Susan, poor dear!—she is very well; and—and very happy up to this moment, my darling boy," said Mrs. Vincent, "though whether she ought to be happy under the circumstances—or whether it's only a cruel trick—or whether I haven't been foolish and precipitate—but my dear, what could I do but come to you, Arthur? I could not have kept it from her if I had stayed an hour longer at home. And to put such a dreadful suspicion into her head, when it might be all a falsehood, would have only been killing her; and, my dear boy, now I see your face again, I'm not so frightened, and surely it can be cleared up, and all will be well."

Vincent, whose anxiety conquered his impatience, even while exciting it, kneeled down by his mother's side and took her hands, which still trembled, into his own. "Mother, think that I am very anxious; that I don't know what you are referring to; and that the sudden sight of you has filled me with all sort of terrors—for I know you would not lightly take such a journey all by yourself," said the young man, growing still more anxious as he thought of it—"and try to collect your thoughts and tell me what is wrong."

His mother drew one of her hands out of his, laid it on his head, and fondly smoothed back his hair. "My dear, good son! you were always so sensible—I wish you had never left us," she said, with a groan; "and indeed it was a great thought to undertake such a journey; and since I came here, Arthur, I have felt so flurried and strange, that I have not, as you see, even taken off my

bonnet; but I think now you've come, dear, if you would ring the bell and order up the tea? When I see you, and see you looking so well, Arthur, it seems as if things could never be so bad, you know. My dear," she said at last, with a little quiver in her voice, stopping and looking at him with a kind of nervous alarm, "it was about Mr. Fordham, you may be sure."

"Tea directly!" said Vincent to the little maid, who appeared just at this crisis, and who was in her turn alarmed by the brief and peremptory order. "What about Mr. Fordham?" he said, helping his mother to take off the cloak and warm wraps in which she had been, in her nervous tremor and agitation, sitting wrapped up while she waited his return.

"O my dear, my dear," cried poor Mrs. Vincent, wringing her hands, "if he should not turn out as he ought, how can I ever forgive myself? I had a kind of warning in my mind the first time he came to the house, and I have always dreamt such uncomfortable dreams of him, Arthur. Oh! if you only could have seen him, my dear boy! But he was such a gentleman, and had such ways. I am sure he must have mixed in the very highest society—and he seemed so to *appreciate* Susan—not only to be in love with her, you know, my dear, as any young man might, but to really appreciate my sweet girl. O Arthur, Arthur, if he should turn out badly, it will kill me, for my Susan will break her heart."

"Mother, you drive me frantic. What has he done?" cried poor Vincent.

"He has done nothing, my dear, that I know of. It is not him, Arthur, for he has been gone for a month, arranging his affairs, you know, before the wedding, and writes Susan regularly, and beautiful letters. It is a dreadful scrawl I got last night. I have it in my pocket-book. It came by the last post when Susan was out, thank Heaven. I'll show it you presently, my dear, as soon as I can find it, but I have so many papers in my pocket-book. She saw directly when she came in that something had happened, and, O Arthur, it was so hard to keep it from her. I don't know when I have kept anything from her before. I can't tell how we got through the night. But this morning I made up the most artful story I could—here is the dreadful letter, my dear, at last—about

being determined to see you, and making sure that you were taking care of yourself; for she knew as well as me how negligent you always are about wet feet. Are you sure your feet are dry now, Arthur? Yes, my dear boy, it makes me very uncomfortable. You don't wonder to see your poor mother here, now, after that?"

The letter which Vincent got meanwhile, and anxiously read, was as follows—the handwriting very mean, with a little tremor in it, which seemed to infer that the writer was an old man:—

"MADAM:—Though I am but a poor man, I can't abear to see wrong going on, and do nothink to stop it. Madam, I beg of you to excuse me, as am unknown to you, and as can't sign my honest name to it like a man. This is the only way as I can give you a word of warning. Don't let the young lady marry him as she's agoing to, not if her heart should break first. Don't have nothink to do with Mr. Fordham. That's not his right name, and he's got a wife living—and this I say is true, as sure as I have to answer at the judgment;—and I say to you as a friend, stop it, stop it! Don't let it go on a step, if you vally the young lady's charackter and her life. I don't add no more, because that's all I dare say, being only a servant; but I hope it's enough to save the poor young lady out of his clutches, as is a man that goeth about seeking whom he may devour.—From a well-wisher, though a stranger."

Mrs. Vincent's mind was easier when this epistle was out of her hands. She stood up before the mirror to take off her bonnet, and put her cap tidy; she glided across the room to take up the shawl and cloak which her son had flung upon the little sofa anyhow, and to fold them and lay them together on a chair. Then the trim little figure approached the table, on which stood a dimly burning lamp, which smoked as lamps will when they have it all their own way. Mrs. Vincent turned down the light a little, and then proceeded to remove the globe and chimney by way of seeing what was wrong—bringing her own anxious, patient face, still retaining many traces of the sweet comeliness which had almost reached the length of beauty in her daughter, into the full illumination of the smoky blaze. Notwithstanding the smoke, the presence of that little woman made the strangest difference in the room. She took note of various evidences of litter and untidiness with her mind's eye

as she examined the lamp. She had drawn a long breath of relief when she put the letter into Arthur's hand. The sense of lightened responsibility seemed almost to relieve her anxiety as well. She held the chimney of the lamp in her hand, when an exclamation from her son called her back to the consideration of that grievous question. She turned to him with a sudden deepening of all the lines in her face.

"O Arthur dear! don't you think it may be an enemy? don't you think it looks like some cruel trick? You don't believe it's true?"

"Mother, have you an enemy in the world?" cried Vincent, with an almost bitter affectionateness. "Is there anybody living that would take pleasure in wounding you?"

"No, dear; but Mr. Fordham might have one," said the widow. "He is not like you or your dear father, Arthur. He looks as if he might have been in the army, and had seen a great deal of life. That is what has been a great consolation to me. A man like that, you know, dear, is sure to have enemies; so very different from our quiet way of life," said Mrs. Vincent, holding up the chimney of the lamp, and standing a little higher than her natural five feet, with a simple consciousness of that grandeur of experience; "some one that wished him ill might have got some one else to write the letter. Hush, Arthur, here is the maid with the tea."

The maid with the tea pushed in, bearing her tray into a scene which looked very strange to her awakened curiosity. The minister stood before the fire with the letter in his hand, narrowly examining it, seal, postmark, handwriting, even paper. He did not look like the same man who had come up-stairs three steps at a time, in the glow and exhilaration of hope, scarcely an hour ago. His teeth were set, and his face pale. On the table the smoky lamp blazed into the dim air, unregulated by the chimney, which Mrs. Vincent was nervously rubbing with her handkerchief before she put it on. The little maid, with her round eyes, set down the tray upon the table with an answering thrill of excitement and curiosity. There was "somethink to do" with the minister and his unexpected visitor. Vincent himself took no notice of the girl; but

his mother, with feminine instinct, proceeded to disarm this possible observer. Mrs. Vincent knew well, by long experience, that when the landlady happens to be one of the flock, it is as well that the pastor should keep the little shocks and crises of his existence studiously to himself.

"Does it always smoke?" said the gentle Jesuit, addressing the little maid.

The effect of so sudden and discomposing a question, at a moment when the person addressed was staring with all her soul at the minister, open-mouthed and open-eyed, may be better imagined than described. The girl gave a start and stifled exclamation, and made all the cups rattle on the tray as she set it down. Did what smoke?—the chimney, or the minister, or the landlady's husband down-stairs?

"Does it always smoke?" repeated Mrs. Vincent, calmly, putting on the chimney. "I don't think it would if you were very exact in putting this on. Look here: always at this height, don't you see; and now it burns perfectly well."

"Yes, ma'am; I'll tell missis, ma'am," said the girl, backing out, with some alarm. Mrs. Vincent sat down at the table with all the satisfaction of success and conscious virtue. Her son, for his part, flung himself into the easy-chair which she had given up, and stared at her with an impatience and wonder which he could not restrain.

"To think you should talk about the lamp at such a time, or notice it at all, indeed, if it smoked like fifty chimneys!" he exclaimed, with a tone of annoyance; "why, mother, this is life or death."

"Yes, yes, my dear!" said the mother, a little mortified in her turn; "but it does not do to let strangers see when you are in trouble. O Arthur, my own boy, you must not get into any difficulty here. I know what gossip is in a congregation; you never would bear half of what your poor dear papa did," said the widow, with tears in her eyes, laying her soft old fingers upon the young man's impatient hand. "You have more of my quick temper, Arthur; and whatever you do, dear, you must not expose yourself to be talked of. You are all we have in the world. You must be your sister's protector; for oh, if this should be true, what a poor protector her mother has

been! And, dear boy, tell me, what are we to do?"

"Had he any friends?" asked Vincent, half sullenly; for he did feel an instinctive desire to blame somebody, and nobody seemed so blamable as the mother, who had admitted a doubtful person into her house. "Did he know anybody—in Lonsdale, or anywhere? Did he never speak of his friends?"

"He had been living abroad," said Mrs. Vincent, slowly. "He talked of gentlemen sometimes, at Baden, and Homburg, and such places. I am afraid you would think it very silly, and—and perhaps wrong, Arthur; but he seemed to know so much of the world—so different from our quiet way of life—that being so nice and good and refined himself with it all—I am afraid it was rather an attraction to Susan. It was so different to what she was used with, my dear. We used to think a man who had seen so much, and known so many temptations, and kept his nice simple tastes through it all—oh dear, dear! if it is true, I was never so deceived in all my life."

"But you have not told me," said Arthur, morosely, "if he had any friends?"

"Nobody in Lonsdale," said Mrs. Vincent. "He came to see some young relative at school in the neighborhood—"

At this point Mrs. Vincent broke off with a half scream, interrupted by a violent start and exclamation from her son, who jumped off his seat, and began to pace up and down the room in an agitation which she could not comprehend. This start entirely overpowered his mother. Her overwrought nerves and feelings relieved themselves in tears. She got up, trembling, approached the young man, put her hand, which shook, through his arm, and implored him, crying softly all the time, to tell her what he feared, what he thought, what was the matter? Poor Vincent's momentary ill-humor deserted him: he began to realize all the complications of the position; but he could not resist the sight of his mother's tears. He led her back gently to the easy-chair, poured out for her a cup of the neglected tea, and restrained himself for her sake. It was while she took this much-needed refreshment that he unfolded to her the story of the helpless strangers whom, only the

night before, he had committed to her care.

"The mother you shall see for yourself to-morrow. I can't tell what she is, except a lady, though in the strangest circumstances," said Vincent. "She has some reason—I cannot tell what—for keeping her child out of the father's hands. She appealed to me to let her send it to you, because he had been at Lonsdale already, and I could not refuse. His name is Colonel Mildmay; he has been at Lonsdale; did you hear of such a man?"

Mrs. Vincent shook her head—her face grew more and more troubled. "I don't know about reasons for keeping a child from its father," she said, still shaking her head. "My dear, dear boy, I hope no designing woman has got a hold upon you. Why did you start so, Arthur? what had Mr. Fordham to do with the child? Susan would open my letter, of course, and I dare say she will make them very comfortable; but, Arthur dear, though I don't blame you, it was very imprudent. Is Colonel Mildmay the lady's husband? or—What? Dear boy, you should have thought of Susan—Susan, a young girl, must not be mixed up with anybody of doubtful character. It was all your good heart, I know, but it was very imprudent, to be sure."

Vincent laughed, in a kind of agony of mingled distress, anxiety, and strange momentary amusement. His mother and he were both blaming each other for the same fault. Both of them had equally yielded to kind feelings, and the natural impulse of generous hearts, without any consideration of prudence. But his mistake could not be attended by any consequences a hundredth part so serious as hers.

"In the mean time, we must do something," he said. "If he has no friends, he has at least an address, I suppose. Susan"—and a flush of indignation and affectionate anger crossed the young man's face—"Susan, no doubt, writes to the rascal. Susan! my sister! Good Heaven!"

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Vincent. "Your dear papa always disapproved of such exclamations: he said they were just a kind of oath, though people did not think so. And you ought not to call him a rascal without proof—indeed, it is very sinful to come to such hasty judgments. Yes, I have got

the address written down—it is in my pocket-book. But what shall you do? Will you write to himself, Arthur? or what? To be sure, it would be best to go to him and settle it at once."

"O mother, have a little prudence now," cried the afflicted minister; "if he were base enough to propose marriage to Susan (confound him! that's not an oath—my father himself would have said as much) under such circumstances, don't you think he has the courage to tell a lie as well? I shall go up to town, and to his address to-morrow, and see what is to be found there. You must rest in the mean time. Writing is out of the question; what is to be done, I must do—and without a moment's loss of time."

The mother took his hand again, and put her handkerchief to her eyes—"God bless my dear boy," she said, with a mother's tearful admiration—"Oh, what a thing for me, Arthur, that you are grown up and a man, and able to do what is right in such a dreadful difficulty as this! You put me in mind more and more of your dear father when you settle so clearly what is to be done. He was always ready to act when I used to be in a flutter, which was best. And, oh, how good has the Father of the fatherless been to me in giving me such a son!"

"Ah, mother," said the young minister, "you gave premature thanks before, when you thought the Father of the fatherless had brought poor Susan a happy lot. Do you say the same now?"

"Always the same, Arthur dear," cried his mother with tears—"always the same. If it is even so, is it me, do you think, or is it *Him* that knows best?"

After this the agitation and distress of the first meeting gradually subsided. That mother, with all her generous imprudence and innocence of heart, was, her son well knew, the tenderest, the most indulgent, the most sympathetic of all his friends. Though the little—the very little insight he had obtained into life and the world had made him think himself wiser than she was in some respects, nothing had ever come between them to disturb the boy's half-adoring, half-protecting love. He bethought himself of providing for her comfort, as she sat looking at him in the easy-chair, with her eyes smiling on him through their tears, patiently sipping

the tea, which was a cold and doubtful infusion, nothing like the fragrant lymph of home. He poked the fire till it blazed, and drew her chair towards it, and hunted up a footstool which he had himself kicked out of the way, under the sofa, a month before. When he looked at the dear tender fresh old face opposite to him, in that close white cap which even now, after the long fatiguing journey, looked fresher and purer than other people's caps and faces look at their best, a thaw came upon the young man's heart. Nature awoke and yearned in him. A momentary glimpse crossed his vision of a humble happiness long within his reach, which never till now, when it was about to become impossible forever, had seemed real or practicable, or even desirable before.

"Mother, dear," said Vincent, with a tremulous smile, "you shall come here, Susan and you, to me; and we shall all be together again—and comfort each other," he added, with a deeper gravity still, thinking of his own lot.

His mother did not answer in many words. She said, "My own boy!" softly, following him with her eyes. It was hard, even with Susan's dreadful danger before her, to help being tearfully happy in seeing him again—in being his guest—in realizing the full strength of his manhood and independence. She gave herself up to that feeling of maternal pride and consolation as she once more dried the tears which would come, notwithstanding all her efforts. Then he sat down beside her, and resigned himself to that confidential talk which can rarely be but between members of the same family. He had unburdened his mind unconsciously in his letters about Tozer and the deacons; and it cannot be told what a refreshment it was to be able to utter roundly in words his sentiments on all those subjects. The power of saying it out with no greater hindrance than her mild remonstrances, mingled, as they were, with questions which enabled him to complete his sketches, and smiles of amusement at his descriptive powers, put him actually in better humor with Salem. He felt remorseful and charitable after he had said his worst.

"And are you sure, dear," said Mrs. Vincent, at last resuming the subject nearest her heart, "that you can go away to-morrow without neglecting any duty? You must

not neglect a duty, Arthur, not even for Susan's sake. Whatever happens to us, you must keep right."

"I have no duty to detain me," said Vincent hastily. Then a sudden glow came over the young man, a flush of happiness which stole upon him like a thief, and brightened his own personal firmament with a secret unacknowledgable delight; "but I must return early," he added, with a momentary hesitation—"for if you won't think it unkind to leave you, mother, I am engaged to dinner. I should scarcely like to miss it," he concluded, after another pause, tying knots in his handkerchief, and taking care not to look at her as he spoke.

"To dinner, Arthur? I thought your people only gave teas," said Mrs. Vincent, with a smile.

"The Salem people do; but this—is not one of the Salem people," said the minister, still hesitating. "In fact, it would be ungracious of me not to go, and cowardly, too—for *that* curate, I believe, is to meet me—and Lady Western would naturally think——"

"Lady Western!" said Mrs. Vincent, with irrestrainable pleasure, "is that one of the great people in Carlingford?" The good woman wiped her eyes again with the very tenderest and purest demonstration of that adoration of rank which is said to be an English instinct. "I don't mean to be foolish, dear," she said, apologetically: "I know these distinctions of society are not worth your caring about; but to see my Arthur appreciated as he should be, is——" She could not find words to say what it was—she wound up with a little sob. What with trouble and anxiety, and pride and delight, and bodily fatigue added to all, tears came easiest that night.

Vincent did not say whether or not these distinctions of society were worth caring about. He sat abstractedly, untying the knots in his handkerchief, with a faint smile on his face. Then, while that pleasurable glow remained, he escorted his mother to his own sleeping-room, which he had given up to her, and saw that her fire burned brightly, and that all was comfortable. When he returned to poke his solitary fire, it was some time before he took out the letter which had disturbed his peace. The smile had died away first by imperceptible degrees from his

face. He gradually erected himself out of the meditative lounge into which he had fallen; then, with a little start, as if throwing dreams away, he took out and examined the letter. The more he looked at it, the graver and deeper became the anxiety in his face. It had every appearance of being genuine in its bad writing and doubtful spelling. And Vincent started again with an unexplainable thrill of alarm when he thought how utterly unprotected his mother's sudden journey had left that little house in Lonsdale. Susan had no warning, no safeguard. He started up in momentary fright, but as suddenly sat down again with a certain indignation at his own thoughts. Nobody could carry her off, or do any act of violence; and as for taking advantage of her solitude, Susan, a straightforward, simple-minded English girl, was safe in her own pure sense of right.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEXT morning Mr. Vincent got up early, with an indescribable commotion in all his thoughts. He was to institute inquiries which might be life or death to his sister, but yet could not keep his mind to the contemplation of that grave necessity. A flicker of private hope and expectation kept gleaming with uncertain light over the dark weight of anxiety in his heart. He could not help, in the very deepest of his thoughts about Susan, breaking off now and then into a momentary digression, which suddenly carried him into Lady Western's drawing-room, and startled his heart with a thrill of conscious delight, secret and exquisite, which he could neither banish nor deny. In and out, and round about that grievous doubt which had suddenly disturbed the quiet history of his family, this capricious fairy played, touching all his anxious thoughts with thrills of sweetness. It seemed an action involuntary to himself, and over which he had no power; but it gave the young man an equally involuntary and causeless cheer and comfort. It did not seem possible that any dreadful discovery could be made that day, in face of the fact that he was to meet Her that night.

When he met his mother at breakfast, the recollection of Mrs. Hilyard and the charge she had committed to him, came to his mind again. No doubt Susan would take the wanderers in—no doubt they were as safe in the cottage as it was possible to be in a humble

inviolable English home surrounded by all the strength of neighbors and friends, and the protection of a spotless life which everybody knew; but yet—That was not what his strange acquaintance had expected or bargained for. He felt as if he had broken faith with her when he realized his mother's absence from her own house. Yet somehow he felt a certain hesitation in broaching the subject, and unconsciously prepared himself for doubts and reluctance. The certainty of this gave a forced character to the assumed easiness with which he spoke.

"You will go to see Mrs. Hilyard," he said, "I owe it to her to explain that you were absent before her child went there. They will be safe enough at home, no doubt, with Susan; but still, you know, it would have been different had you been there."

"Yes, Arthur," said Mrs. Vincent, with an indescribable dryness in her voice.

"You will find her a very interesting woman," said her son, instinctively contending against that unexpressed doubt, "the strangest contrast to her surroundings. The very sound of her voice carries one a thousand miles from Salem. Had I seen her in a palace, I doubt whether I should have been equally impressed by her. You will be interested in spite of yourself."

"It is, as you say, very strange, Arthur," said Mrs. Vincent—the dryness in her voice increasing to the extent of a short cough; "when does your train start?"

"Not till eleven," said Vincent, looking at his watch; "but you must please me, and go to see her, mother."

"That reminds me, dear," said Mrs. Vincent, hurriedly, "that now I am here, little as it suits my feelings, you must take me to see some of your people, Arthur. Mrs. Tuf-ton, and perhaps the Tozers, you know. They might not like to hear that your mother had been in Carlingford, and had not gone to see them. It will be hard work visiting strangers while I am in this dreadful anxiety, but I must not be the means of bringing you into any trouble with your flock."

"Oh, never mind my flock," said Vincent, with some impatience; "put on your bonnet, and come and see her, mother."

"Arthur, you are going by the first train," said his mother.

"There is abundant time, and it is not too early for her," persisted the minister.

But it was not so easy to conquer that meek little woman. "I feel very much fatigued to-day," she said, turning her eyes mild but invincible, with the most distinct contradiction of her words to her son's face, "if it had not been my anxiety to have all I could of you, Arthur, I should not have got up to-day. A journey is a very serious matter, dear, for an old woman. One does not feel it so much at first," continued this plausible defendant; still with her mild eyes on her son's face, secure in the perfect reasonableness of her plea, yet not unwilling that he should perceive it was a pretence, "it is the next day one feels it. I shall lie down on the sofa, and rest when you are gone."

And, looking into his mother's soft eyes, the young Nonconformist retreated, and made no more attempts to shake her. Not the invulnerability of the fortress alone discouraged him—though that was mildly obdurate, and proof to argument—but a certain uneasiness in the thought of that meeting, an inclination to postpone it, and stave off the thought of all that might follow, surprised himself in his own mind. Why he should be afraid of the encounter, or how any complication could arise out of it, he could not by any means imagine, but such was the instinctive sentiment in his heart.

Accordingly, he went up to London by the train, leaving Mrs. Hilyard unwarned, and his mother reposing on the sofa, from which, it is sad to say, she rose a few minutes after he was gone, to refresh herself by tidying his bookcase and looking over all his linen and stockings, in which last she found a very wholesome subject of contemplation, which relieved the pressure of her thoughts much more effectually than could have been done by the rest which she originally proposed. Arthur, for his part, went up to London with a certain nervous thrill of anxiety rising in his breast as he approached the scene and the moment of his inquiries; though it was still only by intervals that he realized the momentous nature of those inquiries, on the result of which poor Susan's harmless girlish life, all unconscious of the danger that threatened it, hung in the balance. Poor Susan! just then going on with a bride's preparations for the approaching climax of her youthful existence. Was she, indeed, really a bride, with nothing but truth and sweet

honor in the contract that bound her, or was she the sport of a villanous pastime that would break her heart, and might have shipwrecked her fair fame and innocent existence? Her brother set his teeth hard as he asked himself that question. Minister as he was, it might have been a dangerous chance for Fordham, had he come at that moment without ample proofs of guiltlessness in the Nonconformist's way.

When he got to town, he whirled as fast as it was possible to go, to the address where Susan's guileless letters were sent almost daily. It was in a street off Piccadilly, full of lodging-houses, and all manner of hangers-on and ministrants to the world of fashion. He found the house directly, and was somewhat comforted to find it really an actual house, and not a myth or Doubtful Castle, or a post-office window. He knocked with the real knocker, and heard the bell peal through the comparative silence in the street, and insensibly cheered up, and began to look forward to the appearance of a real Mr. Fordham, with unquestionable private history and troops of friends. A quiet house, scrupulously clean, entirely respectable, yet distinct in all its features of lodging-house; a groom in the area below, talking to an invisible somebody, also a man, who seemed to be cleaning somebody else's boots; up-stairs, at the first-floor balcony, a smart little tiger making a fashion of watering plants, and actually doing his best to sprinkle the conversational groom below; altogether a superabundance of male attendants, quite incompatible with the integrity of the small dwelling-place as a private house. Another man, who evidently belonged to the place, opened the door, interrupting Vincent suddenly in his observations—an elderly man, half servant, half master, in reality the proprietor of the place, ready either to wait or be waited on as occasion might require. Turning with a little start from his inspection of the attendant circumstances, Vincent asked, did Mr. Fordham live there?

The man made a momentary but visible pause; whatever it might betoken, it was not ignorance. He did not answer with the alacrity of frank knowledge or simple non-information. He paused, then said, "Mr. Fordham, sir?" looking intently at Vincent,

and taking in every particular of his appearance, dress, and professional looks, with one rapid glance.

"Mr. Fordham," repeated Vincent, "does he live here?"

Once more, the man perused him, swiftly and cautiously. "No, sir, he does not live here," was the second response.

"I was told this was his address," said Vincent. "I perceive you are not ignorant of him; where does he live? I know his letters come here."

"There are a many gentlemen in the house in the course of the season," answered the man, still on the alert to find out Vincent's meaning by his looks—"sometimes letters keep on coming months after they are gone. When we knows their home address, sir, we sends them; when we don't we keeps them by us till we see if any owner turns up. Gen'tleman of the name of Fordham?—do you happen to know, sir, what part o' the country *he* comes from? There's the Lincolnshire Fordhams as you know, sir, and the Northumberland Fordhams; but there's no gen'tleman of that name lives here."

"I am sure you know perfectly whom I mean," said Vincent, in his heat and impatience. "I don't mean Mr. Fordham any harm—I only want to see him, or to get some information about him, if he is not to be seen. Tell me where he does live, or tell me which of his friends is in town, that I may ask them. I tell you I don't mean Mr. Fordham any harm."

"No, sir?—nor I don't know as anybody means any harm," said the man, once more examining Vincent's appearance. "What was it as you were wishing to know? Though I aint acquainted with the gen'tleman myself, the missis or some of the people may be. We have a many coming and going, and I might confuse a name. What was it as you were wishful to know?"

"I wish to see Mr. Fordham," said Vincent, impatiently.

"I have told you, sir, he don't live here," said the guardian of the house.

"Then, look here; you don't deceive me, remember. I can see you know all about him," said Vincent; "and, as I tell you, I mean him no harm; answer me one or two simple questions, and I will either thank or reward you as you like best. In the first

place, is this Mr. Fordham a married man; and has he ever gone by another name?"

As he asked these questions the man grinned in his face. "Lord bless you, sir, we don't ask no such questions here. A gen'tleman comes and has his rooms, and pays, and goes away, and gives such name as he pleases. I don't ask a certificate of baptism, not if all's right in the pay department. We don't take ladies in, being troublesome; but if a man was to have a dozen wives, what could we know about it? Sorry to disoblige a clergyman, sir; but as I don't know nothing about Mr. Fordham, perhaps you'll excuse me, as it's the busiest time of the day."

"Well, then, my good man," said Vincent, taking out his purse, "tell me what friend he has that I can apply to; you will do me the greatest service, and I——"

"Sorry to disoblige a clergyman, as I say," said the man, angrily; "but, begging your pardon, I can't stand jabbering here. I never was a spy on a gen'tleman, and never will be. If you want to know, you'll have to find out. Time's money to me."

With which the landlord of No. 10 Nameless Street, Piccadilly, shut the door abruptly in Vincent's face. A postman was audibly approaching at the moment. Could that have anything to do with the sudden breaking off of the conference? The minister, exasperated, yet becoming more anxious, stood for a moment in doubt, facing the blank closed door. Then, desperate, turned round suddenly, and faced the advancing Mercury. He had no letters for No. 10; he was hastening past, altogether regardless of Vincent's look of inquiry. When he was addressed, however, the postman responded with immediate directness. "Fordham, sir—yes—a gentleman of that name lives at No. 10—leastways he has his letters there—No. 10—where you have just been, sir."

"But they say he doesn't live there," said Vincent.

"Can't tell, sir—has his letters there," said the public servant, decidedly.

More than ever perplexed, Vincent followed the postman to pursue his inquiries. "What sort of a house is it?" he asked.

"Highly respectable house, sir," answered the terse and decisive functionary, performing an astounding rap next door.

In an agony of impatience and uncertainty,

the young man lingered opposite the house, conscious of a helplessness and impotence which made him furious with himself. That he ought to be able to get to the bottom of it was clear; but that he was as far as possible from knowing how to do that same, or where to pursue his inquiries, was indisputable. One thing was certain, that Mr. Fordham did not choose to be visible at this address to which his letters were sent, and that it was hopeless to attempt to extract any information on the subject by such frank inquiries as the minister had already made. He took a half-hour's walk, and thought it over with no great enlightenment on the subject. Then, coming back, applied once more at the highly respectable, uncommunicative door. He had entertained hopes that another and more manageable adherent of the house might possibly appear this time—a maid, or impressionable servitor of some description, and had a little piece of gold ready for the propitiatory tip in his hand. His hopes were, however, put to flight by the appearance of the same face, increased in respectability and composure, by the fact that the owner had thrown off the jacket in which he had formerly been invested, and now appeared in a solemn black coat, the essence of respectable and dignified servitude. He fixed his eyes severely upon Vincent as soon as he opened the door. He was evidently disgusted by this return to the charge.

"Look here," said Vincent, somewhat startled and annoyed to find himself confronted by the same face which had formerly defied him; "could you get a note conveyed from me to Mr. Fordham?—the post-man says he has his letters here."

"If he gets his letters here, they come by the post," said the man insolently. "There's a post-office round the corner, but I don't keep one here. If one reaches him another will. It aint nothing to me."

"But it is a great deal to me," said Vincent, with involuntary earnestness. "You have preserved his secret faithfully, whatever it may be; but it surely can't be any harm to convey a note to Mr. Fordham. Most likely, when he hears my name," said the young man, with a little consciousness that what he said was more than he believed, "he will see me; and I have to leave town this evening. You will do me a great service if you will save me the delay

of the post, and get it delivered at once. And you may do Mr. Fordham a service too."

The man looked with less certainty in Vincent's face. "Seems to me some people don't know what No means, when it's said," he replied, with a certain relenting in his voice. "There's things as a gen'lman ought to know, even enough—something happened in the family or so; but you see, he don't live here; and since you stand it out so, I don't mind saying that he's a gen'lman as can't be seen in town to-day, seeing he's in the country, as I'm informed, on urgent private affairs. It's uncommon kind of a clergyman, and a stranger, to take such an interest in my house," continued the fellow, grinning spitefully; "but what I say first I say last—he don't live here."

"And he is not in town," asked Vincent eagerly, without noticing the insolence of the speech. The man gradually closed the door upon himself till he had shut it, and stood outside, facing his persistent visitor.

"In town or out of town," he said, folding his arms upon his chest, and surveying Vincent with all the insolence of a lackey who knows he has to deal with a man debarred by public opinion from the gratifying privilege of knocking him down, "there aint no more information to be got here."

Such was the conclusion of Vincent's attempted investigation. He went away at once, scarcely pausing to hear this speech out, to take the only means that presented themselves now; and going into the first stationer's shop in his way, wrote a note entreating Mr. Fordham to meet him, and giving a friend's address in London, as well as his own in Carlingford, that he might be communicated with instantly. When he had written and posted this note, Vincent proceeded to investigate the Directory and all the red and blue books he could lay his hands upon, for the name of Fordham. It was not a plentiful name, but still it occurred sufficiently often to perplex and confuse him utterly. When he had looked over the list of Fordhams in London, sufficiently long to give himself an intense headache, and to feel his undertaking entirely hopeless, he came to a standstill. What was to be done? He had no clue, nor the hope of any, to guide him through this labyrinth; but he had no longer any trust in the honor

of the man whom his mother had so rashly received, and to whom Susan had given her heart. By way of the only precaution which occurred to him, he wrote a short note to Susan, begging her not to send any more letters to Mr. Fordham until her mother's return; and desiring her not to be alarmed by this prohibition, but to be very careful of herself, and wait for an explanation when Mrs. Vincent should return. He thought he himself would accompany his mother home. The note was written, as Vincent thought, in the most guarded terms; but in reality was such an abrupt, alarming performance, as was sure to drive a sensitive girl into the wildest fright and uncertainty. Having eased his conscience by this, he went back to the railway, and returned to Carlingford. Night had fallen before he reached home. Under any other circumstances, he would have encountered his mother after such an ineffectual enterprise, conscious as he was of carrying back nothing but heightened suspicion, with very uncomfortable feelings, and would have been in his own person too profoundly concerned about this dreadful danger which menaced his only sister, to be able to rest or occupy himself about other things. But the fact was, that whenever he relapsed into the solitary carriage in which he travelled to Carlingford, and when utterly quiet and alone, wrapped in the haze of din and smoke and speed which abstracts railway travellers from all the world,—gave himself up to thought, the rosy hue of his own hopes came stealing over him unawares. Now and then he woke up, as men wake up from a doze, and made a passing snatch at his fears. But again and again they eluded his grasp, and the indefinite brightness which had no foundation in reason, swallowed up everything which interfered with its power. The effect of this was to make the young man preternaturally solemn when he entered the room where his mother awaited him. He felt the reality of the fear so much less than he ought to do, that it was necessary to put on twice the appearance. Had he really been as deeply anxious and alarmed as he should have been, he would naturally have tried to ease and lighten the burden of the discovery to his mother; feeling it so hazily as he did, no such precautions occurred to him. She rose up when he came in, with a face which

gradually paled out of all its color as he approached. When he was near enough to hold out his hand to her, Mrs. Vincent was nearly fainting. "Arthur," she cried, in a scarcely audible voice, "God have pity upon us; it is true; I can see it in your face."

"Mother, compose yourself. I have no evidence that it is true. I have discovered nothing," cried Vincent, in alarm.

The widow dropped heavily into her chair, and sobbed aloud. "I can read it in your face," she said. "O my dear boy, have you seen that—that villain? Does he confess it? Oh, my Susan, my Susan! I will never forgive myself; I have killed my child."

From this passion it was difficult to recover her, and Vincent had to represent so strongly the fact that he had ascertained nothing certain, and that, for anything he could tell, Fordham might still prove himself innocent, that he almost persuaded his own mind in persuading hers.

"His letters might be taken in at a place where he did not live for convenience's sake," said Vincent. "The man might think me a dun, or something disagreeable. Fordham himself, for anything we can tell, may be very angry about it. Cheer up, mother; things are no worse than they were last night. I give you my word I have made no discovery, and perhaps to-morrow may bring us a letter clearing it all up."

"Ah! Arthur, you are so young and hopeful. It is different with me, who have seen so many terrors come true," said the mother who notwithstanding was comforted. As for Vincent, he felt neither the danger nor the suspense. His whole soul was engrossed with the fact that it was time to dress; and it was with a little conscious sophistry that he himself made the best of it, and excused himself for his indifference.

"I can't bear to leave you, mother, in such suspense and distress," he said, looking at his watch; "but—I have to be at Lady Western's at half-past six."

Mrs. Vincent looked up with an expression of stupefied surprise and pain for a moment, then brightened all at once. "My dear, I have laid out all your things," she said, with animation. "Do you think I would let you miss it, Arthur? Never mind talking to me. I shall hear all about it when you come home to-night. Now go, dear, or you will be late. I will come and

talk to you when you are dressing, if you don't mind your mother? Well, perhaps not. I will stay here, and you can call me when you are ready, and I will bring you a cup of tea. I am sure you are tired, what with the fatigue and what with the anxiety. But you must try to put it off your mind, and enjoy yourself to-night."

"Yes, mother," said Vincent, hastening away; the tears were in her gentle eyes when she gave him that unnecessary advice. She pressed his hands fast in hers when he left her at last, repeating it, afraid in her own heart that this trouble had spoilt all the brightness of the opening hopes which she perceived with so much pride and joy. When he was gone, she sat down by the solitary fire, and cried over her Susan in an utter forlornness and helplessness, which only a woman, so gentle, timid, and unable to struggle for herself, could feel. Her son, in the mean time, walked down Grange Lane, first with a momentary shame at his own want of feeling, but soon with an entire forgetfulness both of the shame and the subject of it, absorbed in thoughts of his reception there. With a palpitating heart he entered the dark garden, now noiseless and chill in winterly decay, and gazed at the lighted windows which had looked like distant planets to him the last time he saw them. He lingered looking at them, now that the moment approached so near. A remembrance of his former disappointment went to his heart with a momentary pang as he hesitated on the edge of his present happiness. Another moment and he had thrown himself again, with a degree of suppressed excitement wonderful to think of, upon the chances of his fate.

Not alarming chances, so far as could be predicated from the scene. A small room, the smaller half of that room which he had seen full of the pretty crowd of the summer-party, the folding-doors closed, and a curtain drawn across them; a fire burning brightly; groups of candles softly lighting the room in clusters upon the wall, and throwing a colorless soft illumination upon the pictures of which Lady Western was so proud. She herself, dropped amid billows of dark blue silk and clouds of black lace in a low easy-chair by the side of the fire, smiled at Vincent, and held out her hand to him without rising, with a sweet cordiality

and friendliness which rapt the young man into paradise. Though Lucy Wodehouse was scarcely less pretty than the young Dowager, Mr. Vincent saw her as if he saw her not, and still less did he realize the presence of Miss Wodehouse, who was the shadow to all this brightness. He took the chair which Lady Western pointed to him by her side. He did not want anybody to speak, or anything to happen. The welcome was not given as to a stranger, but made him at once an intimate and familiar friend of the house. At once all his dreams were realized. The sweet atmosphere was tinged with the perfumy breath which always surrounded Her; the room, which was so fanciful and yet so homelike, seemed a reflection of her to his bewildered eyes; and the murmur of soft sound, as these two lovely creatures spoke to each other, made the most delicious climax to the scene; although the moment before he had been afraid lest the sound of a voice should break the spell. But the spell was not to be broken that night. Mr. Wentworth came in a few moments after him, and was received with equal sweetness; but still the young Nonconformist was not jealous. It was he whose arm Lady Western appropriated, almost without looking at him as she did so, when they went to dinner. She had put aside the forms which were intended to keep the outer world at arm's length. It was as her own closest personal friends that the little party gathered around the little table, just large enough for them, which was placed before the fire in the great dining-room. Lady Western was not a brilliant talker, but Mr. Vincent thought her smallest observation more precious than any utterance of genius. He listened to her with a fervor which few people showed when listening to *him*, notwithstanding his natural eloquence; but as to what he himself said in reply, he was entirely oblivious, and spoke like a man in a dream. When she clapped her pretty hands, and adjured the Churchman and the Nonconformist to fight out their quarrel, it was well for Vincent that Mr. Wentworth declined the controversy. The lecturer on Church and State was *hors de combat*; he was in charity with all men. The curate of St. Roque's who—blind and infatuated man!—thought Lucy Wodehouse the flower of Grange Lane, did not come in his way.

He might pity him, but it was a sympathetic pity. Mr. Vincent took no notice when Miss Wodehouse launched tiny arrows of argument at him. She was the only member of the party who seemed to recollect his heresies in respect to Church and State—which, indeed, he had forgotten himself, and the state of mind which led to them. No such world existed now as that cold and lofty world which the young man of genius had seen glooming down upon his life, and shutting jealous barriers against his progress. The barriers were opened, the coldness gone—and he himself raised high on the sunshiny heights, where love and beauty had their perennial abode. He had gained nothing—changed in nothing from his former condition: not even the golden gates of society had opened to the dissenting minister; but glorious enfranchisement had come to the young man's heart. It was not Lady Western who had asked him to dinner—a distinction of which his mother was proud. It was the woman of all women who had brought him to her side, whose sweet eyes were sunning him over, whose voice thrilled to his heart. By her side he forgot all social distinctions, and all the stings contained in them. No prince could have reached more completely the ideal elevation and summit of youthful life. Ambition and its successes were vulgar in comparison. It was a poetic triumph amid the prose tumults and downfalls of life.

When the two young men were left over their wine, a somewhat grim shadow fell upon the evening. The curate of St. Roque's and the minister of Salem found it wonderfully hard to get up a conversation. They discussed the advantages of retiring with the ladies as they sat glum and reserved opposite each other—not by any means unlike, and by consequence, natural enemies. Mr. Wentworth thought it an admirable plan, much more sensible than the absurd custom which kept men listening to a parcel of old fogies, who retained the habits of the last generation; and he proposed that they should join the ladies—a proposal to which Vincent gladly acceded. When they returned to the drawing-room, Lucy Wodehouse was at the piano; her sister sat at table with a pattern-book before her, doing some impossible pattern in knitting; and Lady Western again sat languid and lovely by the fire, with her

beautiful hands in her lap, relieved from the dark background of the billowy blue dress by the delicate cambric and lace of her handkerchief. She was not doing anything, or looking as if she could do anything. She was leaning back in the low chair, with the rich folds of her dress sweeping the carpet, and her beautiful ungloved hands lying lightly across each other. She did not move when the gentlemen entered. She turned her eyes to them, and smiled those sweet welcoming smiles, which Vincent knew well enough were for both alike, yet which made his heart thrill and beat. Wentworth (insensible prig!) went to Lucy's side, and began to talk to her over her music, now and then appealing to Miss Wodehouse. Vincent, whom no man hindered, and for whose happiness all the fates had conspired, invited by those smiling eyes, approached Lady Western with the surprised delight of a man miraculously blessed. He could not understand why he was permitted to be so happy. He drew a chair between her and the table, and shutting out the other group by turning his back upon them, had her all to himself. She never changed her position, nor disturbed her sweet indolence, by the least movement. The fire blazed no longer. The candles, softly burning against the wall, threw no very brilliant light upon this scene. To Vincent's consciousness, bewildered as he was by the supreme delight of his position, they were but two in a new world, and neither thing nor person disturbed the unimaginable bliss. But Miss Wodehouse, when she raised her eyes from her knitting, only saw the young Dowager leaning back in her chair, smiling the natural smiles of her sweet temper and kind heart upon the young stranger whom she had chosen to make a *protégé* of. Miss Wodehouse silently concluded that perhaps it might be dangerous for the young man, who knew no better, and that Lady Western always looked well in a blue dress. Such was the outside world's interpretation of that triumphant hour of Vincent's life.

How it went on he never could tell. Soft questions spoken in that voice, which made everything eloquent, gently drew from him the particulars of his life, and sweet laughter, more musical than that song of Lucy's, to which the curate (dull clod!) gave all his attention, rang silvery peals over the name

of Tozer and the economics of Salem. Perhaps Lady Western enjoyed the conversation almost half as much as her worshipper did. She was amused, most delicate and difficult of all successes. She was pleased with the reverential devotion which had a freshness and tender humility conjoined with sensitive pride, which was novel to her, and more flattering than ordinary adoration. When he saw it amused her, the young man exerted himself to set forth his miseries with their ludicrous element fully developed. They were no longer miseries, they were happinesses which brought him those smiles. He said twice enough to turn him out of Salem, and make him shunned by all the connection. He forgot everything in life but the lovely creature beside him, and the means by which he could arouse her interest, and keep her ear a little longer. Such was the position of affairs, when Miss Wodehouse came to the plain part of her pattern, where she 'could go on without counting; and seeing Lady Western so much amused, became interested and set herself to listen too. By this time Vincent had come to more private concerns.

"I have been inquiring to-day after some one whom my mother knows, and whom I am anxious to hear about," said Vincent. "I cannot discover anything about him. It is a wild question to ask if you know him, but it is just possible; there are such curious encounters in life."

"What is his name?" said Lady Western, with a smile as radiant as a sunbeam.

"His name is Fordham—Herbert Fordham—I do not know where he comes from, nor whether he is of any profession; nor, indeed, anything but his name. I have been in town to-day—"

Here Vincent came to a sudden stop. He had withdrawn his eyes from that smile of hers for the moment. When he raised them again, the beautiful picture was changed as if by magic. Her eyes were fixed upon him dilated and almost wild. Her face was deadly pale. Her hands, which had been lying lightly crossed, grasped each other in a grasp of sudden anguish and self-control. He stopped short with a pang too bitter and strange for utterance. At that touch all his fancies dispersed into the air. He came to himself strangely, with a sense of chill and desolation. In one instant, from the height

of momentary bliss, down to the miserable flat of conscious unimportance. Such a downfall was too much for man to endure without showing it. He stopped short at the aspect of her face.

"You have been in town to-day?" she repeated, pointedly, with white and trembling lips.

"And could hear nothing of him," said Vincent, with a little bitterness. "He was not to be heard of at his address."

"Where was that?" asked Lady Western again, with the same intent and anxious gaze.

Vincent, who was sinking down, down in hopeless circles of jealousy, miserable fierce rage and disappointment, answered, "10 Nameless Street, Piccadilly," without an unnecessary word.

Lady Western uttered a little cry of excitement and wonder. She knew nothing of the black abyss into which her companion had fallen any more than she knew the splendid heights to which her favor had raised him; but the sound of her own voice recalled her to herself. She turned away from Vincent and pulled the bell which was within her reach—pulled it once and again with a nervous twitch, and entangled her bracelet in the bell-pull, so that she had to bend over to unfasten it. Vincent sat gloomily by and looked on, without offering any assistance. He knew it was to hide her troubled face and gain a moment to compose herself; but he was scarcely prepared for her total avoidance of the subject when she next spoke.

"They are always so late of giving us tea," she said, rising from her chair, and going up to Miss Wodehouse, "I can see you have finished your pattern; let me see how it looks. That is pretty; but I think it is too elaborate. How many things has Mary done for this bazaar, Mr. Wentworth?—and do tell us when is it to be?"

What did Vincent care for the answer? he sat disenchanted in that same place which had been his bower of bliss all the evening, watching her as she moved about the room; her beautiful figure went and came with a certain restlessness, surely not usual to her, from one corner to another. She brought Miss Wodehouse something to look at from the work-table; and fetched some music for Lucy from a window. She had the tea

placed in a remote corner, and made it there; and insisted on bringing it to the Miss Wodehouses with her own hands. She was disturbed; her sweet composure was gone. Vincent sat and watched her under the shade of his hands, with feelings as miserable as ever moved man. It was not sorrow for having disturbed her;—feelings much more personal, mortification and disappointment, and, above all, jealousy, raged in his heart. Warmer and stronger than ever was his interest in Mr. Fordham now.

After a miserable interval, he rose to take his leave. When he came up to her, Lady Western's kind heart once more awoke in his behalf. She drew him aside after a momentary struggle with herself.

"I know that gentleman," she said, quickly, with a momentary flush of color, and shortening of breath; "at least I knew him once; and the address you mention is my brother's address. If you will tell me what you want to know, I will ask for you. My brother and he used not to be friends, but I suppose—. What did you want to know?"

"Only," said Vincent, with involuntary bitterness, "if he was a man of honor, and could be trusted; nothing else."

The young Dowager paused and sighed; her beautiful eyes softened with tears. "Oh, yes—yes; with life—to death!" she said, with a low accompaniment of sighing, and a wishful, melancholy smile upon her lovely face.

Vincent hastened out of the house. He ventured to say nothing to himself as he went up Grange Lane in the starless night, with all the silence and swiftness of passion. He dared not trust himself to think. His very heart, the physical organ itself, seemed throbbing and bursting with conscious pain. Had she loved this mysterious stranger whose undecipherable shadow hung over the minister's path? To Vincent's fancy, nothing else could account for her agitation; and was he so true, and to be trusted? Poor gentle Susan, whom such a fate and doom was approaching as might have softened her brother's heart, had but little place in his thoughts. He was not glad of that favorable verdict. He was overpowered with jealous rage and passion. Alas, for his dreams! Once more, what downfall and overthrow had come of it! once more he had come

down to his own position, and the second awakening was harder than the first. When he got home, and found his mother, affectionately proud, waiting to hear all about the great lady he had been visiting, it is impossible to express in words the intolerable impatience and disgust with himself and his fate which overpowered the young man. He had a bad headache, Mrs. Vincent said, she was sure, and he did not contradict her. It was an unspeakable relief to him when she went to her own room, and delivered him from the tender scrutiny of her eyes—those eyes full of nothing but love, which, in the irritation of his spirit, drove him desperate. He did not tell her about the unexpected discovery he had made. The very name of Fordham would have choked him that night.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning brought no letters except from Susan. Fordham, if so true as Lady Western called him, was not, Vincent thought with bitterness, acting as an honorable man should in this emergency. But perhaps he might come to Carlingford in the course of the day, to see Susan's brother. The aspect of the young minister was changed when he made his appearance at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Vincent made the most alarmed inquiries about his health, but—stopped abruptly in making them by his short and ungracious answer—came to a dead pause; and with a pang of fright and mortification, acknowledged to herself that her son was no longer her boy, whose entire heart she knew, but a man with a life and concerns of his own, possibly not patent to his mother. That breakfast was not a cheerful meal. There had been a long silence, broken only by those anxious attentions to each other's personal comfort, with which people endeavor to smooth down the embarrassment of an intercourse apparently confidential, into which some sudden unexplainable shadow has fallen. At last Vincent got up from the table, with a little outbreak of impatience.

"I can't eat this morning; don't ask me. Mother, get your bonnet on," said the young man; "we must go to see Mrs. Hilyard today."

"Yes, Arthur," said Mrs. Vincent meekly; she had determined *not* to see Mrs. Hilyard, of whom her gentle respectability was sus-

picious; but, startled by her son's looks, and by the evident arrival of that period, instinctively perceived by most women, at which a man snatches the reins out of his adviser's hand, and has his way, the alarmed and anxious mother let her arms fall, and gave in without a struggle.

"The fact is, I heard of Mr. Fordham last night," said Vincent, walking about the room, lifting up and setting down again abstractedly the things on the table. "Lady Western knows him, it appears; perhaps Mrs. Hilyard does too."

"Lady Western knows him? O Arthur, tell me—what did she say?" cried his mother, clasping her hands.

"She said he could be trusted—with life—to death," said Vincent, very low, with an inaudible groan in his heart. He was prepared for the joy and the tears, and the thanksgiving with which his words were received; but he could not have believed how sharply his mother's exclamation, "God bless my Susan! now I am happy about her, Arthur. I could be content to die," would go to his heart. Susan, yes!—it was right to be happy about her; and as for himself, who cared? He shut up his heart in that bitterness; but it filled him with an irritation and restlessness which he could not subdue.

"We must go to Mrs. Hilyard; probably she can tell us more," he said abruptly; "and there is her child to speak of. I blame myself," he added, with impatience, "for not telling her before. Let us go now directly—never mind ringing the bell; all that can be done when we are out. Dinner? oh, for Heaven's sake, let *them* manage that! Where is your bonnet, mother? the air will do me good after a bad night."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Vincent, moved by this last argument. It must be his headache, no doubt, she tried to persuade herself. Stimulated by the sound of his footstep in the next room, she lost very little time over her toilette. Perhaps the chill January air, sharp with frost, air full of natural exhilaration and refreshment, did bring a certain relief to the young Nonconformist's aching temples and exasperated temper. It was with difficulty his mother kept time with his long strides, as he hurried her along the street, not leaving her time to look at Salem, which was naturally the most interesting

point in Carlingford to the minister's mother. Before she had half prepared herself for this interview, he had hurried her up the narrow bare staircase which led to Mrs. Hilyard's lodgings. On the landing, with the door half open, stood Lady Western's big footman, fully occupying the narrow standing-ground, and shedding a radiance of plush over the whole shabby house. The result upon Mrs. Vincent was an immediate increase of comfort, for surely the woman must be respectable to whom people sent messages by so grand a functionary. The sight of the man struck Vincent like another pang. She had sent to take counsel, no doubt, on the evidently unlooked-for information which had startled her so last night.

"Come in," said the inhabitant of the room. She was folding a note for which the footman waited. Things were just as usual in that shabby place. The coarse stuff at which she had been working lay on the table beside her. Seeing a woman with Vincent, she got up quickly, and turned her keen eyes upon the new-comer. The timid doubtful mother, the young man, somewhat arbitrary and self-willed, who had brought his companion there against her will, the very look, half fright, half suspicion, which Mrs. Vincent threw round the room, explained matters to the quick observer before her. She was mistress of the position at once.

"Take this to Lady Western, John," said Mrs. Hilyard. "She may come when she pleases—I shall be at home all day; but tell her to send a maid next time, for you are much too magnificent for Back Grove Street. This is Mrs. Vincent, I know. Your son has brought you to see me, and I hope you have not come to say that I was too rash in asking a Christian kindness from this young man's mother. If he had not behaved like a paladin, I should not have ventured upon it; but when a young man conducts himself so, I think his mother is a good woman. You have taken in my child?"

She had taken Mrs. Vincent by both hands, and placed her in a chair, and sat down beside her. The widow had not a word to say. What with the praise of her son, which was music to her ears—what with the confusion of her own position, she was painfully embarrassed and at a loss, and anxiously full of explanations. "Susan has, I have no doubt; but I am sorry I left home on

Wednesday morning, and we did not know then they were expected; but we have a spare room, and Susan, I don't doubt——"

"The fact is, my mother had left home before they could have reached Lonsdale," interposed Vincent; "but my sister would take care of them equally well. They are all safe. A note came this morning announcing their arrival. My mother," said the young man hastily, "returns almost immediately. It will make no difference to the strangers."

"I am sure Susan will make them comfortable, and the beds would be well aired," said Mrs. Vincent; "but I had sudden occasion to leave home, and did not even know of it till the night before. My dear," she said, with hesitation, "did you think Mrs. Hilyard would know? I brought Susan's note to show you," she added, laying down that simple performance in which Susan announced the receipt of Arthur's letter, and the subsequent arrival of "a governess-lady, and the most beautiful girl that ever was seen." The latter part of Susan's hurried note, in which she declared this beautiful girl to be "very odd—a sort of grown-up baby," was carefully abstracted by the prudent mother.

The strange woman before them took up the note in both her hands and drank it in, with an almost trembling eagerness. She seemed to read over the words to herself again and again with moving lips. Then she drew a long breath of relief.

"Miss Smith is the model of a governess-lady," she said, turning with a composure wonderfully unlike that eagerness of anxiety to Mrs. Vincent again—"She never writes but on her day, whatever may happen; and yesterday did not happen to be her day. Thank you, it is Christian charity. You must not be any loser mean time, and we must arrange these matters before you go away. This is not a very imposing habitation," she said, glancing round with a movement of her thin mouth, and comic gleam in her eye—"but that makes no difference, so far as they are concerned. Mr. Vincent knows more about me than he has any right to know," continued the strange woman, turning her head towards him for the moment, with an amused glance—"a man takes one on trust sometimes, but a woman must always explain herself to a woman: perhaps,

Mr. Vincent, you will leave us together while I explain my circumstances to your mother?"

"Oh, I am sure it—it is not necessary," said Mrs. Vincent, half alarmed, "but Arthur, you were to ask——"

"What were you to ask?" said Mrs. Hilyard, laying her hand with an involuntary movement upon a tiny note lying open on the table, to which Vincent's eyes had already wandered.

"The fact is," he said, following her hand with his eyes, "that my mother came up to inquire about some one called Fordham, in whom she is interested. Lady Western knows him," said Vincent, abruptly, looking in Mrs. Hilyard's face.

"Lady Western knows him. You perceive that she has written to ask me about him this morning. Yes," said Mrs. Hilyard, looking at the young man, not without a shade of compassion. "You are quite right in your conclusions; poor Alice and he *were* in love with each other before she married Sir John. He has not been heard of for a long time. What do you want to know, and how is it he has showed himself now?"

"It is for Susan's sake," cried Mrs. Vincent interposing. "O Mrs. Hilyard, you will feel for me better than any one—my only daughter! I got an anonymous letter the night before I left. I am so flurried I almost forget what night it was—Tuesday night—which arrived when my dear child was out. I never kept anything from her in all her life, and to conceal it was dreadful—and how we got through that night——"

"Mother, the details are surely not necessary now," said her impatient son. "We want to know what are this man's antecedents and his character—that is all," he added, with irrestrainable bitterness.

Mrs. Hilyard took up her work, and pinned the long coarse seam to her knee. "Mrs. Vincent will tell me herself," she said, looking straight at him with her amused look. Of all her strange peculiarities, this faculty of amusement was the strangest. Intense restrained passion, anxiety of the most desperate kind, a wild will which would pause at nothing, all blended with and left room for this unflinching perception of any ludicrous possibility. Vincent got up hastily, and, going to the window, looked out upon the dismal prospect of Sa-

lem, throwing its shabby shadow upon those dreary graves. Instinctively he looked for the spot where that conversation must have been held which he had overheard from the vestry window; it came most strongly to his mind at that moment. As his mother went through her story, how Mr. Fordham had come accidentally to the house—how gradually they had admitted him to their friendship—how, at last, Susan and he had been engaged—her son stood at the window, following in his mind all the events of that evening, which looked so long ago, yet was only two or three evenings back. He recalled to himself his rush to the telegraph office; and again, with a sharp stir of opposition and enmity, recalled, clear as a picture, the railway-carriage just starting, the flash of light inside, the face so clearly evident against the vacant cushions. What had he to do with that face, with its eagle outline and scanty long locks? Somehow, in the meshes of fate he felt himself so involved that it was impossible to forget this man. He came and took his seat again with his mind full of that recollection. The story had come to a pause, and Mrs. Hilyard sat silent, taking in with her keen eyes every particular of the gentle widow's character, evidently, as Vincent could see, following her conduct back to those springs of gentleness, but imprudent, generosity and confidence in what people said to her, from which her present difficulties sprang.

"And you admitted him first?" said Mrs. Hilyard, interrogatively, "because——?" She paused. Mrs. Vincent became embarrassed and nervous.

"It was very foolish, very foolish," said the widow, wringing her hands; "but he came to make inquiries, you know. I answered him civilly the first time, and he came again and again. It looked so natural. He had come down to see a young relation at school in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Hilyard uttered a sudden exclamation—very slight, low, scarcely audible; but it attracted Vincent's attention. He could see that her thin lips were closed, her figure slightly erected, a sudden keen gleam of interest in her face. "Did he find his relation?" she asked, in a voice so ringing and distinct, that the young minister started, and sat upright, bracing himself for something about to happen. It did not flash upon him

yet what that meaning might be; but his pulses leapt with a prescient thrill of some tempest or earthquake about to fall.

"No; he never could find her—it did not turn out to be our Lonsdale, I think—what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Vincent; "you both know something I don't—what has happened? Arthur, have I said anything dreadful?—Oh, what does it mean?"

"Describe him if you can," said Mrs. Hilyard, in a tone which, sharp and calm, tingled through the room with a passionate clearness which nothing but extreme excitement could give. She had taken Mrs. Vincent's hand, and held it tightly with a certain compassionate compulsion, forcing her to speak. As for Vincent, the horrible suspicion which stole upon him unmanned him utterly. He had sprung to his feet, and stood with his eyes fixed on his mother's face, with an indescribable horror and suspense. It was not her he saw. With hot eyes that blazed in their sockets, he was fixing the gaze of desperation upon a picture in his mind, which he felt but too certain would correspond with the faltering words which fell from her lips. Mrs. Vincent herself would have thrown herself wildly upon him, and lost her head altogether in a frightened attempt to find out what this sudden commotion meant, had she not been fixed and supported by that strong yet gentle grasp upon her hand. "Describe him—take time," said her strange companion again—not looking at her, but waiting in an indescribable calm of passion for the words which she could frame in her mind before they were said.

"Tall," said the widow's faltering, alarmed voice, falling with a strange uncertainty through the intense stillness, in single words, with gasps between; "not—a very young man—aquiline—with a sort of eagle-look—light hair—long and thin, and as fine as silk—very light in his beard, so that it scarcely showed. Oh, God help us! what is it?—what is it?—You both know whom I mean."

Neither of them spoke; but the eyes of the two met in a single look, from which both withdrew, as if the communication were a crime. With a shudder Vincent approached his mother; and, speechless though he was, took hold of her, and drew her to him abruptly. Was it murder he read in those eyes, with their desperate concentration of

will and power? The sight of them, and recollection of their dreadful splendor, drove even Susan out of his mind. Susan, poor gentle soul!—what if she broke her tender heart in which no devils lurked? “Mother, come—come,” he said, hoarsely, raising her up in his arms, and releasing the hand which the extraordinary woman beside her still clasped fast. The movement roused Mrs. Hilyard as well as Mrs. Vincent. She rose up promptly from the side of the visitor who had brought her such news.

“I need not suggest to you that this must be acted on at once,” she said, to Vincent, who, in his agitation, saw how the hand, with which she leant on the table, clenched hard till it grew white with the pressure. “The man we have to deal with spares nothing.” She stopped, and then, with an effort, went up to the half-fainting mother, who hung upon Vincent’s arm, and took her hands and pressed them close. “We have both thrust our children in the lion’s mouth,” she cried, with a momentary softening. “Go, poor woman, and save your child if you can,

and so will I—we are companions in misfortune. And you are a priest, why cannot you curse him?” she exclaimed, with a bitter cry. The next moment she had taken down a travelling-bag from a shelf, and kneeling down by a trunk, began to transfer some things to it. Vincent left his mother, and went up to her with a sudden impulse, “I am a priest, let me bless you,” said the young man, touching with a compassionate hand the dark head bending before him. Then he took his mother away. He could not speak as he supported her down-stairs; she, clinging to him with double weakness, could scarcely support herself at all in her agitation and wonder when they got into the street. She kept looking in his face with a pitiful appeal that went to his heart.

“Tell me, Arthur, tell me!” She sobbed it out unawares, and over and over before he knew what she was saying. And what could he tell her? “We must go to Susan—poor Susan!” was all the young man could say.

THE Rev. Dr. Wolff has issued the following characteristic address: “My dear Friends,—My attempt at raising funds for the rebuilding of the Chichester Cathedral, by selling my autograph—God’s holy name be praised!—continues to prosper, for I receive frequently demands from friends all over England for my autograph, which I sell for 2s. 6d. each. My church at Ile-Brewers has also been consecrated. I have received for it nearly £1,500, but I owe still nearly £100 for the entire liquidation of the debt. Members of the Church of England! would you deny your further contributions towards liquidating this debt to your old household friend, Joseph Wolff, who has now built at Ile-Brewers, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, a parsonage, a schoolhouse, and a church, and who has attempted the liberation of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and who now, besides performing his own parochial duties in his own village, for which he only gets £180 per annum, provides his parishioners with coals and blankets, and preaches and lectures all over England for every charitable institution existing in England, and whom you might have heard lecturing to two hundred lunatics in the Sussex County Asylum, and whom you will, if God please, hear preach near the Crystal Palace at the time the Exhibition will commence. Joseph Wolff, the Israelite, of the seed of Abraham and the tribe of Levi, does not now labor for the evangelization of the Jews, but for the Jew, Greek, and Armenian, and most of all for Christians of his adopted country—England, dear England—which I love with all its faults;

and I have not given up the hope of seeing at Ile-Brewers the erection of a college like that established in the city of Rome. Spirits of St. Francis Xavier, of Vincent de Paul, and Howard, hover over me! And you, Greek, be it known to you that Joseph Wolff, the Jew, loves you and prays for you. Soon, very soon, the lion of the tribe of Judah will appear and dwell among men and be their King; and acts of benevolence will be the only test of our discipleship of Christ (Matt. 25: 35–40). Joseph Wolff, LL.D., D.D., Vicar of Ile-Brewers, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Londonderry and the Earl of Beverly, and Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Levi!—Written at Ile-Brewers, near Taunton, in Somerset. Feb., 1862.

On Tuesday last appeared the first number of a work which must prove as acceptable to the antiquary as useful to the artist—“Iconographie méthodique du Costume du quatrième au dix-neuvième siècle (315–1815)” —a collection engraved *à l’eau-forte*, from authentic and unpublished documents, by Raphael Jacquemin. There will be about one hundred parts, each containing four plates, printed in bistre by M. Delatre. A number will appear once a month; any number may be purchased separately, and when the work is completed there will be a general introduction, giving the monography of the figures and also an index to the plates.—*Critic*, 5 April.

From The Independent, 22 May.
DR. G. W. BETHUNE.

THE death of Rev. Dr. Bethune at Florence, the tidings of which reached this country last week, has taken the public as well as his many personal friends by surprise. It has been understood, indeed, for several years, that his health was precarious; and it has been known by those who knew him well that he himself anticipated his sudden death as probable at no distant day. But recent accounts had represented him as improving in strength and spirits; and he had been till lately so full of an exuberant vitality, so careless of exposures, so confident in his strength, and so prodigal in the expenditure of it for public and private uses, that it is more difficult to realize that he now sleeps the sleep of the grave, than it would have been in the case of most other men. He has left many attached and admiring friends to lament his departure, and has left a place vacant in the pulpit and on the platform which will not soon or easily be filled. It is fitting that this journal, which often found occasion honestly and energetically to oppose him while he lived, should pay this tribute to his character and powers now that he has passed away.

Born of parents distinguished for intelligence, and still more distinguished for a thoughtful, enterprising, and beneficent piety,—the son of that eminent Christian merchant, Divie Bethune, and the grandson, on the mother's side, of Isabella Graham,—Dr. Bethune inherited from them a strong and exacting physical organization, generous sensibilities, an affectionate, courageous, and chivalrous temper, and an intellectual nature in which humor and tastefulness were united with a judgment not always sound, but always vigorous, and capable of exerting large influence on others. The circumstances of his life were uniformly fortunate. He was accustomed to speak of his early academical training as imperfect; not, however, through the want of the amplest opportunities which love and wealth combined could furnish him, but only through the want of any purpose on his part to improve himself by means of them. But in later years he was a fond and faithful student, not of philosophy and theology only, but of the best English literature, and of the classics. Few men were more familiar with the whole circle of Eng-

lish eloquence and poetry: and very few certainly, outside of the professional students and teachers of the languages, were so conversant as he with the Greek and Latin letters. On his working nights, the light rarely left his window until long after midnight; and the large and various library he had collected showed the breadth and variety of his mental tastes and scholarly culture.

He was by no means, however, simply or mainly a literary man. Bred in the city, and accustomed all his life to the parlor and the pavement, he yet had as true a relish for the country as any man we have ever met. The leafy woods were to him a very temple of delight. No elaborate music was so sweet to his ear as the gurgle of brooks. So often as June came back upon the town, he was restless as a boy who thirsts for his vacation, till under the shadow of the Eastern pines, or amid the intricate and tempting channels of the Thousand Isles, he was "camping out" with a few rude attendants, and whipping the runs or trolling the river for trout and pike. An enthusiastic sportsman, and a true lover of the wilderness, he let nothing cheat him of this annual recreation.

He was interested in men, too, for their mere manly qualities, without reference to their acquirements or their social condition. He commenced his public and clerical life as a chaplain to seamen in the city of Savannah. For them he wrote that beautiful hymn, which is often contained in our lyrical collections without being credited to him as its author, "Tossed upon life's raging billow." And he often referred in subsequent life to these labors among the sailors with the keenest interest, and a peculiar satisfaction. So in later years some of the most touching and eloquent sermons which he ever has preached have been those which he delivered to the men who cared for his tent and his canoe in his excursions to the woods. These men valued and honored him as a Christian teacher, while they eulogized and emulated his skill as a fisherman; and it was not an uncommon thing for him to be sent for from a distance of ten or even twenty miles to hold a service on Sunday, to visit the sick, or to bury the dead, in the depths of the woods.

As a speaker on public and festive occasions, when he was in his happier moods, few men of his time, almost none of his

profession, have been his equals. Personal prejudices, unfortunate at the beginning, and which ripened too easily into settled and unreasonable personal antipathies, threw him early in his career out of sympathy with the causes which would have drawn forth his best and highest powers as a speaker; so that one could not help often feeling in hearing him that if he had been on the other side—for the grandest Freedom and the most absolute Justice, and not a mere apologist for institutions and influences against which his better nature protested—it would have given a liberty and exhilaration to his mental processes which in his actual position they wanted; for want of which his comparatively manacled powers did themselves at such times no justice. Alas, how sadly must we feel now that if he had been so devoted as he might have been, with his great powers of passion and persuasion, to the principles of Liberty and of national Righteousness, if he had heard the real voice of God in our land and our times, and had given such utterance as few others could give to that Gospel which preaches “deliverance to the captives,” it would have been for his own highest happiness, for his most permanent remembrance and usefulness. All the coarseness and bitterness of which men sometimes complained in his speech came out when he threw himself, in defence of institutions to which tradition attached him, against principles which he resisted because they were identified with men whom he disliked. He wanted only the inspiration to be gained by such a nature as his from the noble mission of facing the Nation on behalf of its oppressed, to have given such wings to his thought and speech as would have made them a possession forever in the land.

But even with this prodigious drawback, how rich in humor, how brilliant with wit, how various, affluent, persuasive, delightful, was often his most unstudied public speech. And when he closed, as frequently he did, with some appeal to the higher reason, the conscience of his hearers, or to their Christian sensibilities and sentiments, with what fine finish did phrases and paragraphs leap from his lips; how even the sluggish and heavy form seemed lightened, exalted, made instinct with feeling, and elate in a sense of glorious supremacy! And when he swept

on to the splendid conclusion, how breathless and almost awe-bound was his audience! The pen was not his noblest instrument. His lips were musical, dropping sweetness, when the afflatus was upon him. And some of these speeches will live in our recollection as among the finest forensic efforts to which it has ever been our privilege to listen.

Into the sanctuary of his private life it is not for us as journalists to enter. But it is fitting that we should say expressly, as those who know, not only that the coarse and slanderous stories which have occasionally been circulated concerning his habits, as if he had been an intemperate glutton, are without any sufficient foundation, but also that amid both his joys and his trials—in neither of which was his life wanting—he bore himself as a genuine and disciplined Christian man; and that his kindness to the poor, his generosity to the unfortunate, his ready and spontaneous sympathy with the sorrowful, his kindness to children, his courtesy to the humblest, endeared him as a pastor to the successive peoples of his charge; endeared him as a friend, to be long remembered, to those who shared his ample hospitalities. All that was earthly and vehement in his nature seemed to pass away from him when he spoke of Christ. And never was he so moved himself, or so delightful and exalting to others, as in the solemn offices of prayer.

Dr. Bethune was settled successively at Rhinebeck, Utica, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and in this city. His theology was of the older Calvinistic type, and he was warmly attached to the Dutch Reformed Church, in whose service his ministerial life was passed; but his heart surpassed denominational limits, and was in lively catholic sympathy with all who look for life and salvation through the cross of the Lord. Though a favorite speaker before popular assemblages, and among the most distinguished and acceptable of lecturers, he had the highest appreciation of the dignity and usefulness of the Christian ministry, and several times declined invitations to prominent and responsible literary positions, preferring to retain his place in the pulpit. His last public service was performed in a Protestant chapel at Florence, on the morning of April the 27th. Recognizing a friend from Brooklyn in the congregation, he walked with him to

his lodgings, after the worship, and was there seized with the apoplectic attack from which, after several hours of unconsciousness, Death released him.

We have often dissented emphatically from his opinions. There were passages in his career, and traits in his character, which those who loved him best must be the first to wish had been otherwise. But looking back to the ten years during which we who write this notice knew him well, and met him often,—recalling the playfulness and manliness of his temper, his rich resources of thought and knowledge, the unaffected humility with which he referred to his Christian experience, the tone of sadness which often in private shaded the wit that in public was only too reckless and trenchant; recalling his interest in all Christian discus-

sion, his pathos in prayer, and his filial and unflinching confidence in God—we cannot doubt that his last Sabbath on earth was introductory to that which is eternal in heaven; and we read with a new and more tender emotion those lines of his, so often sung at the funeral service:—

"It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God!
* * * * *

"It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the Just.

"Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high!"

A NICER SORT OF BREAD.—Threescore and ten, it is said, are the years of a man; but forty and two appear to be the years of a journeyman baker. At this rate the great master-baker is a sort of giant, who grinds his workman's bones to make him bread. According to Miss Martineau, Stevens' Bread-making Machinery promises to put an end to this baker-grinding. Having pointed out the advantages of the new mechanical contrivance for economizing labor in the manufacture of bread, Miss Martineau writes as follows:—

"Putting all these things together, can there be a doubt that the journeymen bakers' grievances are coming to an end by a better means than an Act of Parliament? There will not be a speedy end, if an end at all, to home-made bread, but the kneading will not long be done by the cook's stout arm."

This is very welcome intelligence. Eating bread of which the making kills the journeyman baker, is, in a manner, eating the journeyman baker himself. This thought is calculated to create a disrelish for dry bread, if not to induce us to quarrel with our bread and butter. Bread prepared by means of machinery will be eaten without a shudder; and the rather by reason of the consideration that, if in the case of home-made bread kneading is no longer done by the cook's stout arm, neither in that of bakers' bread can it any more be performed by a different application of muscular power exerted on the dough by several journeymen bakers.—*Punch*.

This is certainly not the age when a successful author is treated shabbily by the publisher. We read, for example, that Victor Hugo is to have £1,000 per volume for his new work published at Brussels, "*Les Misérables*;" and as the work will extend to six volumes, here are £6,000 for the illustrious exile and the author of "*Notre Dame de Paris*." The work, which is making some sensation, is not likely to escape some severe criticism, however, chiefly from the strong political tendencies of the author. For all that, every one is sure to read it, and some portions with a heavy heart. The artist overpowers the philosopher; and the bulk of those who may peruse "*Les Misérables*" will be sympathizers rather than critics.—*Critic*.

A RUMOR is current in Rome that the Pope intends to canonize Begum Sumroo, the mother of Dyce Sombre, and that the first step in the process has been taken. Some of the Begum's wealth did go to Italy, but the rumor is to us simply incredible. There never was a more evil old lady. It is of her that the story is told how an Indian lady found her lover flirting with one of her slaves, and buried the girl alive under her chair. She lived with half a dozen paramours, and then in after-life tried to hedge for heaven, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope for spiritual advice while still remaining a Moslem, and practising small idolatries. If she is to be a Saint, Antonelli will have a sympathizing intercessor.—*Spectator*, 5 April.